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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT "MERCURY" was established in June, 1798, and is now in its one hundred and forty-eighth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed publication in America. It is a four-page print, in four columns, and has a page of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business.

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Local Matters.

Benefit Social.

Minneola Council, No. 3, D. of P., held a whist and dance in Masonic Hall Tuesday evening for the benefit of the San Francisco sufferers, which was a complete success from beginning to end. The committee in charge of the affair were Mrs. Frank G. Scott, Mrs. Alexander D. Ross, Mrs. Hugh N. Gifford, Miss Louisa M. Frasch, Miss Maude Gifford; Miss Grace B. Ross, Mrs. George R. Chase, 2nd, Miss Anna R. Frasch and Miss Ethel M. Scott. That the committee worked hard to make this affair a financial success is realized at the net receipts, which amounted to \$90.00. This money will be forwarded to the members of the Degree of Pocahontas in San Francisco, to be devoted to the sufferers.

There were five sections arranged for the whist, forty-five tables being in use. The first prizes were won by Miss Clara R. Farmer, Miss Lottie Hilton, Mrs. J. Irving Shepley, Miss Emma Vare, Miss Sullivan, Messrs. William J. Dunbar, John H. Swinburne, Frank M. Lawton, Douglas W. Scott, and Mr. Kaldenbach. The contributions fell to Mrs. Thomas, Miss Harvey, Miss Emily Austin, Miss Margaret O'Neill, and Messrs. Flynn, Arthur R. Tuell, Frank Peabody.

Dancing followed until one o'clock, Cunningham's orchestra furnishing the music free of charge. There was a large crowd present, and all had a merry time.

The prizes were all donated to the committee and were handsome gifts.

County Club Dinner.

A complimentary dinner to Mr. Edward F. Delaney was tendered by his friends and associates of the Newport County Club at the club rooms on Thursday evening, when twenty-three sat down at the tables. It has been customary to hold a club dinner every year, but this year owing to the approaching departure of Mr. Delaney, who has been a member of the club from its start and has been a member of the house committee for a large part of the time, it was decided to omit the club dinner and give a farewell dinner to him.

The table presented a very attractive appearance when the dinner was served. The guests were seated about a large round table which brought all into closer communion than do the customary long tables that have been used heretofore. Handsome decorations of plants, flowers and ferns were in the center of the table and the many candles shed a soft light upon the scene.

During the evening there were remarks by several of the members, Col. William P. Clarke acting as toastmaster. Music was furnished by the Harry K. Howard orchestra.

The weather of the past few days has been the most delightful of the spring thus far. It has been clear and warm and balmy and many people have been upon the streets. If Sunday is pleasant there should be a beginning of the summer influx here on that day. It is planned to open some of the amusement section at the beach either tomorrow or a week from that day, but the bathing section will probably not be opened before the middle of June.

Last Sunday there were a few strangers in the city, being induced by the beautiful weather to take a little run out from the cities. Both car lines did a big business last Sunday and as soon as the weather gets really settled it is expected that they will have all they can accommodate. The Fall River road is anticipating a large business this summer notwithstanding the fact that the Stone Bridge will not be open to traffic, but the people have found that there is not much inconvenience in transferring to the ferry at that point.

More Hope for Democrats.

Second Letter from a Self-made Politician to his Son.

NEWPORT, May 18, 1906.

MY DEAR SON:—

You will notice that in this letter I do not use your given name. That is because there has been a decided sensation in town this week. In some way my last letter to you came into the hands of some newspaper and when the truths of the misdeeds became public property of course we Democrats had to hustle to deny and offset them. Was there something wrong? Well, say! You have heard of a "Frenzied Financier" of Boston and you know his simple and forceful style of paying his compliments to the "System." "Standard Oil," says someone. "Wow," says Thomas W., "Gasp, splutter, splash, * * * ! ! ! H. H. Rogers, doom, destruction, Rockefeller, gasp, splutter, splash, * * * ! ! !" That, with an occasional heavy appeal to the people to jump in and help him make money, makes up his simple and effective style. Well, as I started to say, when my letter to you was made public we dragged out Thomas W.'s first cousin, and set him to work to offset the effects of my published letter. He did the trick to beat the band and at times was reduced to heights that almost rivalled the best efforts of the Boston man of letters.

We realized that there was no real argument that we could advance after my exposure of the inside of the ring, but like an inspiration came the thought to make it a race question. Of course we knew that the man whom we proposed to attack for first publishing the letter was absolutely free from any intention of attacking the Irish, and he has many warm personal friends among the representative citizens of that race, who have assured him that they realize that the attempt to convert his action into such an attack was merely a subterfuge on the part of the leaders of our party. Those of our older citizens who remember the late Reverend Father Grace, beloved by all the citizens of Newport, regardless of party, race or creed, remember also the warm friendship that existed between him and the man that we have charged with inciting prejudice against his people, and these older men at least well know that the man whom Father Grace knew and respected is not one to incite any attack against the people whom he loved.

But all this is beside the question. Sufficient it is to say that my letter to you last week made a sensation and we were hard set to it to find a remedy. We really could not advance any argument and we contented ourselves with howling. You see the people of Newport as a whole can hardly be made to see what they are going to gain by delivering themselves bound hand and foot into the hands of the Democratic politicians. We call it making an "independent movement," for that is our strong point—the "Independent movement." We claim to represent the people, and if we can only get the real independent voters to cast in their lot with us for about one election we shall be in a position where we can throw off the mask and do as we please. The only thing for us to do is to convince the people that all Republican leaders are trampling the people under foot while the Democrats are ready to sacrifice every public office, every position of emolument, in the effort to secure a victory for the cause of independence. "Independence" must be our slogan. "Independence" we cried when we elected a solid Democratic delegation to attend the Senatorial caucus in Providence under the guise of "Independents." The "Independents" were our ablest and best known leaders, but we had no hesitancy in putting them forward in this guise.

So that is what we must do in the matter of the new charter. If we can convince the people that the Republicans (who have been totally deprived of any voice whatsoever in city affairs for several years) have been playing fast and loose in city affairs, and that the city's only salvation lies in the "Independence" of the Democratic party we shall be able to swing things our own way.

But, my boy, I feel that it is going to be a hard task to make the people believe that the Democratic party, in its efforts to push the charter, is actuated merely by motives of purest philanthropy and an honest desire for the betterment of the interests of Newport. And really, just between us, why should they? Why should the Citizens Municipal Association (which everybody admits is working honestly and conscientiously for the best interests of the city of Newport) believe that we Democrats are furthering their efforts merely out of the most disinterested motives? Is the record of the Democratic party such that their every protestation is to be believed? When I look back over the history of the few times when the Democratic party has been in

absolute control of city or State affairs, I must confess that if I were an honest independent or even a Republican I should make every effort to see that the control did not again pass into the hands of the Democratic party.

But I am only a Democrat and am working for the interests of myself and of my party, so if I can stuff down the threats of the real independent voters the fact that the Democratic party stands ready in all sincerity to cast away their public offices and work disinterestedly for Newport and for a clean and honest administration, I shall be happy. We shall pass the charter and we shall be in genuine and undisputed control for the next few years.

YOUR FATHER.

Commencement at Brown.

The program of the 188th Annual Commencement week will be as follows:

Sunday, June 17th, Baccalaureate Sermon by President W. H. P. Faunce, D. D., LL. D.

Monday, June 18th, Class Day Exercises. At the morning exercises the oration will be delivered by George Gershon Sher, or Worcester, Mass., and the class poem by Herbert Ellsworth Cory of Providence. During the afternoon there will be a baseball game between Brown and Holy Cross, the band concert on the front campus, and the exercises at the planting of the class tree. The speakers at this function will be Frank David McIntyre of Waldo, Wis., Lester Leopold Falk, of Chicago, Ill., Arthur T. S. Phetteplace of Providence, and President W. H. P. Faunce. During the evening the usual open air concert occurs, also the Senior Ball and the fraternity dances and receptions. At midnight the seniors march to the banqueting hall for the last class supper followed by a baseball game in the early hours of the morning on the campus.

Tuesday will be given up to meetings of the Alumni Association, Phi Beta Kappa Society, the Ivy Day Celebration at the Women's College, and the annual reception of the Senior Class at the Women's College. The speaker before the Alumni, in the afternoon will be Mr. Joseph B. Bishop, class of '70, of the Isthmian Canal Commission. His subject will be "John Hay, the Scholar-Satesman."

On Wednesday, June 20th, occurs the 188th Commencement Exercises. The speakers chosen by the Faculty to represent the Senior Class are Edgar Shieffield Brightman of Newport, R. I., Herbert Ellsworth Cory of Providence, George Gershon Sher of Worcester, Mass., and Horace Edward Chandler of Scranton, Pa.

At the commencement dinner which will follow the exercises the speakers will be as follows: Col. Henry Watterston of Kentucky, Mr. Charles E. Hughes of New York, Professor J. Irving Manatt of Brown, and Governor George H. Utter of Rhode Island. In the evening President Faunce will give a reception to the Alumni.

The Board of Fellows at its last meeting appointed a committee to consider the enrollment with their classes of many former students of the University who for various reasons failed to graduate. Many such men have attained distinction in the world, and it is held by many alumni that such public service merits the recognition of their Alma Mater. The committee consists of President Faunce, Mr. Rowland G. Hazard, Prof. W. C. Poland, Judge Arthur L. Brown, and Rev. John B. Diman.

Discovered in Time.

What might have proved a possible derailment on the Wickford Railway Wednesday afternoon was prevented by the prompt action of Engineer Adams. The train had left Wickford Landing, and was proceeding on its way to Wickford Junction, when, just before reaching Wickford station, Engineer Adams discovered a broken rail connected with a switch over which he would have to pass.

He promptly reversed the engine and brought it to a standstill just before reaching the danger point. The only result was a delay of about an hour until the broken rail could be replaced.

It is expected that the new Stone Bridge will not be ready for use before next November. It was expected to have the masonry all done by July but the settling of certain foundations has made repairs necessary to some parts of it. It is supposed that the settling was due to the effects of the dredging and it appears that such action could not be foreseen. The repairs will not take long, however, and the bridge will be ready in the fall.

At the meeting of Washington Commandery Wednesday night arrangements were made towards entertaining the visiting Commanderies on June 26. That will be a gala day in the history of Knights Templarism in this section of the State.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening, when considerable business was transacted. There were two absentees from the meeting. The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

The total enrollment for the month ending May 4 was 5,884, the average number belonging 3,820.9, average attending 2,881.9, per cent. of attendance 89.5, cases of tardiness 304, and the cases of dismissed 88. The total enrollment was 53 more than last year—that is sufficient number to crowd a new room.

The financial statement is as follows:

Expenditure by the committee on finance, \$1,451.75; by the committees on teachers, \$8,286.26; by the committee on buildings, \$278.49; by the committee on text-books and supplies, \$865.47; total, \$10,359.87. The total expenditure for four months is \$43,880.41.

The Rogers is indebted to Mr. A. O. D. Taylor for the printed reports of the Natural History Society from 1883 to and including 1899. These reports have been bound and placed in the reference library of the Coles Laboratories.

In October, 1901, the pupils of the public schools of this city sent to the children of Galveston \$107 as a tangible evidence of their sympathy for the loss of all school accommodations in the cotton city of Texas. This month, for the second time in the new century, the pupils were permitted to add their gifts to those of their fathers and mothers. In this case the direct object was the erection of a memorial school building in San Francisco. For this purpose Newport united with the other school children of New England. The amount sent was \$68. Every precaution was taken to make the contribution private, and to prevent it from being a burden by limiting it to one dime. Unless the donors told, no one knew who gave or how much was given.

The Civic League is trying to add another feature to its excellent work of the year. In the rear of the Lenther there is waste land that should be both a profit to the pupils and an attraction to the school. It is the purpose of the society to make a part of this unsightly yard into school gardens under supervision. Many children of the higher grades (V-VI-VII) have expressed a desire to attempt a garden. Prizes will be offered to the girls for the best results in flowers and to the boys for vegetables. If the pupils will regard these gardens as private property, there will be no trouble from vandals, for each child will be a private detective. There are at least three other schoolyards where the soil is probably sufficiently rich to reward cultivation, but in the remainder lawn must be provided if the plan is extended. The school garden has been for a number of years the pride of many large cities and towns of New England and it should be welcomed here.

The board kindly gave its superintendent permission to hold in the Rogers High School before the close of the year a general exhibit of school work of all the grades. Grade meetings were held, the teachers of each grade divided into committees on the different subjects, and the whole work was well organized except in the Rogers. Since this beginning your superintendent has been convinced for several reasons that it was ill advised to continue the work at this time.

In June, 1888, Miss L. E. French submitted her twenty-fourth annual report as supervisor of drawing in all the grades. As she did not feel able to carry on all the work another year, she was continued in charge of the Rogers and Townsend Industrial, and the elementary grades were placed in charge of a new teacher. Since the last meeting she has, second time felt obliged to consider her own health, and has therefore resigned her work in grades X-XIII. This resignation takes effect at once. Miss French's work for nearly 32 years has been earnest and successful and she has deeply impressed herself on the pupils of a whole generation, who will lament her departure from her chosen profession.

The end of the year is so near that it has seemed best to make as slight a change as possible in drawing. Miss Barber, the supervisor of drawing, has kindly re-arranged her time schedule in grades I-IX so that she can give two days to the Rogers. This plan is not entirely satisfactory, but it seems better than the introduction of another teacher at this late date.

The new storm signal has been carefully explained to all the pupils by their teachers. Whether it is understood, or not, will be known when it is used. It will do no harm to state again that the early signal for the higher grades (at 8 and 1 o'clock) will be given only for a very severe storm.

Last Saturday at the annual meeting of the Barnard Club your superintendent was elected president for the ensuing year.

The report of Trustee Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 224; number out for illness and other causes, 198; number of cases of truancy (public, 21; parochial, 5); 26; number of different children truant, 24; number found not attending school, 9; number sent to public schools, 3; number sent to parochial schools, 2; number of regular certificates issued, 4.

On April 19, 1906, a blind girl, eight years old, was placed at the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston, through the State Board of Education. I recommend the prosecution of Patrick Watch, 42 Simmons street; Timothy Grady, rear 28 Tilden avenue, and Michael Connerton, 5 Ann street, for not attending school according to law.

The committee took a formal vote to authorize the truant officer to prosecute the delinquents mentioned, unless there is immediate marked improvement.

The sub-committee on text books reported, recommending a change of the text books in the English and the Latin courses and also recommending

a change from the vertical to the medial system of writing. The change in textbooks goes over for one month, and the change in the writing system was adopted, new text books to be reported later.

The committee on buildings reported bids received for work at the new Rogers High School; for building and painting fence grading, sowing and leveling ground; and constructing granite walks; but the committee felt that the city council should make an extra appropriation for this purpose. To the committee's estimate was added \$150 for a new sidewalk and the board voted to ask the city council to appropriate funds for this purpose.

The committee on buildings recommended several changes in the course of study at that school: That French be removed from the electives in Grade X; that the commercial course be re-adjusted in accordance with a submitted schedule, making a four years' course; and that free hand drawing be placed on the same basis as mechanical drawing. The report of the committee was approved, after some explanations had been given, and the change was adopted for next year.

The resignation of Miss French, as teacher of drawing, was accepted. Superintendent Lull stated that Supervisor J. E. Burke of Boston had accepted the invitation to deliver the address at the Grammar School graduation.

A Big Meeting.

Commissioner of Public Schools for this State, Walter E. Ranger, who is president of the American Institute of Instruction, the oldest institution of its kind in the country, has issued an advance announcement of the 70th annual convention, which is to be held at New Haven, Conn., July 9 to 12, inclusive.

Among the speakers invited is President Nathaniel C. Schaeffer of the National Educational Association, while Rhode Island will be represented by Governor Utter, President W. H. P. Faunce of Brown University, Superintendent of Schools Walter H. Small of Providence, Principal Charles S. Chapman of the State Normal School, President Kenyon L. Butterfield of the Kingston Agricultural College, and others. The convention will be formally opened Monday evening, July 9.

There was a rather interesting fire on Commercial wharf last Monday afternoon when a new automobile which was being tried by Mr. William R. Hunter took fire and was considerably damaged. A still alarm was sounded for the emergency company but previous to its arrival a stream of water was thrown on the blaze and the electrical engine finished the business. The automobile was owned by Thomas G. Owen and was insured.

The contents of the store of H. A. Heath & Co. have been practically all disposed of. There are now left only a few rings and watches and pins which will be disposed of gradually at private sale. The fixtures of the store have been sold and two offers have been received for the purchase of the building.

There was a slight fire on Houston avenue Monday forenoon which was quickly extinguished by the fire department in response to an alarm from Box 62. The fire was in a pile of excelsior in the cellar of the new house owned by James J. Donovan and made a lot of smoke. The building was insured.

Mr. William E. Gardner has accepted a position as bookkeeper for Mr. Wadley in New York. Mr. Gardner has been in the employ of Mr. J. D. Johnston for many years, and his many friends in this city wish him much success in his new field of labor.

The amateur theatricals given in Masonic Hall some weeks since for the benefit of the California sufferers netted \$779.82, which amount has been forwarded to Mr. Edward Aborn Greene, treasurer of the Rhode Island branch of the Red Cross Society.

A Captain In the Ranks

By...
GEORGE
CARY
EGGLESTON

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CHAPTER III.
HALF an hour later the young man resumed his journey westward, passing down the further slopes of the mountain.

"Wonder why I wrote 'Cairo' as my address," he thought as his trusty horse carefully picked his way among the rocks and down the steeps. "I hadn't thought of Cairo before as even a possible destination. I know nobody there. I know absolutely nothing about the town or the opportunities it may offer."

Then he began a more practical train of thought.

"I've food enough now," he reflected, "to last me scarcely a few days. During that time I must make my way as far as I can toward the Ohio river at Pittsburg or Wheeling or Parkersburg. When I reach the river I must have money enough to pay steamboat fare to Cairo. There is no money in these parts, but West Virginia is practically a northern state, and there are greenbacks there. I'll sell my remaining pistols there. A little later I'll sell my horse, my saddle and my bridle. The horse is a good one, and so is the saddle. Surely I ought to get enough for them to pay my way to Cairo."

Then came another and a questioning thought:

"And when I get to Cairo—what then? I've had university education, but I doubt if there is a ready market for education in any bustling Missouri river town just now. I'm a graduate in law, but heaven knows I know very little of the profession aside from the broad underlying principles. Besides I shall have no money with which to open an office, and who is going to employ a wandering and utterly destitute stranger to take charge of his legal business?"

For the moment discouragement dominated the young man's mind, but presently there came to him reflection that gave new birth to his courage.

"I'm six feet high," he thought, "and broad in proportion. I'm in perfect physical fitness. I have muscles that nothing has ever yet tired. Between the Wilderness and Appomattox I have had an extensive experience in shoveling earth and other hard work. I'm in exceedingly good training, a trifle untrained, perhaps, but at any rate I carry not one ounce of superfluous fat on my person. I am perfectly equipped for the hardest kind of physical work, and in a busy western town there is sure to be work enough of that kind for a strong and willing man to do. I can at the very least earn enough as laborer to feed me better than I've been fed for the four years of war."

Curiously enough, this prospect of work as a day laborer greatly cheered the young man. Instead of depressing his spirits it for the first time lifted from his soul that incubus of melancholy with which every Confederate soldier of his class was at first oppressed. Ever since Grant had first opened in the Wilderness a year before to the beyond the river after receiving Lee's tremendous blows Guilford Duncan and all Confederates of like intelligence had foreseen the end and had recognized its coming as inevitable. Nevertheless when it came in fact, when the Army of Northern Virginia surrendered and when the Confederacy ceased to be, the event was scarcely less shocking and depressing to their minds than if it had been an unforeseen and unexpected one.

The melancholy that instantly took possession of such minds amounted to scarcely less than insanity, and for a prolonged period it paralyzed energy and made worse the ruin that war had wrought in the south.

Fortunately Guilford Duncan, thrown at once and absolutely upon his own resources, thus quickly escaped from the overshadowing cloud.

And yet his case seemed worse than that of most of his comrades. They at least had hopes of some sort to go to; he had none. There was for them, debt burdened as their plantations were, at least a hope that some day out might ultimately be found. For him there was no inch of ground upon which he might rest even hope.

Born of an old family, he had been bred and educated as one to whom abundance was to come by inheritance, a man destined from birth to become in due time the master of a great patrimonial estate.

But that estate was honeycombed with hereditary debt, the result of generations of lavish living, wasteful methods of agriculture and overgenerous hospitality. About the time when war came there came also a crisis in the affairs of Guilford Duncan's father. Long before the war ended the elder man had surrendered everything he had in the world to his creditors. He had then enlisted in the army, though he was more than sixty years old. He had been killed in the trenches before Petersburg, leaving his only son, Guilford, not only without a patrimony and without home, but also without any family connection closer than some distant half theoretical cousins.

The young man's mother had gently passed from earth so long ago that he only dimly remembered the sweet nobility of her character, and he had never had either brother or sister.

He was thus absolutely alone in the world, and he was penniless, too, as he rode down the mountain steeps. But the impulse of work had come to him, and he joyfully welcomed it as something vastly better and worthier of his strong young manhood than any brooding over misfortune could be or any leading of the old aristocratic, half idle planter life, if that had been possible.

In connection with this thought came another. He had recently read Owen

Meredith's "Lucile," and as he journeyed he recalled the case there described of the French nobleman who for time wasted his life and neglected his splendid opportunities in brooding over the downfall of the Bourbon dynasty and in an obstinate refusal to reconcile himself to the new order of things. Duncan remembered how, after awhile, when the new France became involved in the Crimean war, the Frenchman saw a clearer light; how he learned to feel that, under one regime or another, it was still France that he loved and to France that his best service was due.



With mighty effort vaulted over it.

Confederate army? After all, the restored Union will be the only representative left of those principles for which we have so manfully battled during the last four years—the principles of liberty and equal rights and local self-government."

At that moment the young man's horse encountered a huge boulder that had rolled down from the mountain side, completely blocking the path. With the spirit and the training that war service had given him the animal stopped not nor stayed. He approached the obstacle with a leap or two and then with mighty effort vaulted over it. "Good for you, Bob!" cried the young man. "That's the way to meet obstacles, and that's the way I am resolved to meet them."

But the poor horse did not respond. Hobblled on three legs for a space. His master, dismounting, found that he had torn loose a tendon of one leg in the leap.

There was no choice but to drive a bullet into the poor beast's brain by way of putting him out of his agony.

Thus was Guilford Duncan left upon the mountain side, more desolate and helpless than before, with no possessions in all the world except a pair of pistols, a saddle, a bridle, a side of bacon, a peck of cornmeal and a few ounces of salt.

The valley lay before him in all its barrenness. Beyond that lay hundreds of miles of Alleghany mountains, and the region farther on.

All this expanse he must traverse on foot before arriving at that great river highway, by means of which he hoped to reach his destination, a thousand miles and more farther still to the west. But the new manhood had been born in Guilford Duncan's soul, and he was no more appalled by the difficult problem that he must face than he had been by the fire of the enemy when battle was on. "Hard work," he reflected, "is the daily duty of the soldier of peace just as hard fighting is that of the warrior."

Strapping his saddle and bridle on his back, he took his bacon and his salt bag in one hand and his bag of meat in the other. Thus heavily burdened he set out on foot down the mountain.

"At any rate my load will grow lighter," he reflected, "every time I eat, and I'll sell the saddle and bridle at the first opportunity. I'll make the Ohio river in spite of all."

CHAPTER IV.

IT was a truly terrible tramp that the young man had before him, but he did not shrink. So long as his provisions lasted he pushed forward, stopping only in the woodlands or by the wayside for sleep and for eating. By the time that his provisions were exhausted he had passed the valley and had crossed the crest of the Alleghanies.

He was now in a country that had not been wasted by war, a country in which men of every class seemed to be reasonably prosperous and hard at work.

There, by way of replenishing his commissariat, he sold the saddle he was carrying on his back, and thus lightened his load.

Fortunately it was a specially good saddle, richly mounted with silver and otherwise decorated to please the fancy of the dandy Federal officer from whose dead horse Duncan had captured it after its owner had been lost stark upon the field in the Wilderness. It brought him now a good price in money, and to this the purchaser generously added a little store of provisions, including, for immediate use, some fresh meat, the first that had passed Duncan's lips for more months past than he could count upon the fingers of one hand.

A little later the young man sold his pistols, but as he pushed onward toward the Ohio river he found that both traveling and living in a prosperous country were far more expensive than traveling and living in war desolated and still moneyless Virginia.

In connection with this thought came another. He had recently read Owen

poverty so fast that, economizing as he might, he found it necessary to ask for work here and there on his journey. It was springtime, and the farmers were glad enough to employ him for day or two each. The wages were meager enough, but Duncan accepted them gladly, the more so because the farmer in every case gave him board besides. Now and then he secured odd jobs as an assistant to mechanics. In one case he stoked the furnaces of a coal mine for a week.

But he did not remain long in any employment. As soon as he had a trifle of money or a little stock of provisions to the good he moved onward toward the river.

His one dominating and ever growing purpose was to reach Cairo. What fortune might await him there he knew not at all, but since he had scratched that address on the butt of a pistol the desire to reach Cairo had daily and hourly grown upon him until it was now almost a passion. The name "Cairo" in his mind had become a synonym for "opportunity."

It was about the middle of May when the tolls-free foot journey ended at Wheeling. There Duncan, still wearing his tattered uniform, made diligent inquiry as to steamboats going down the river. He learned that one of the great coal towing steamers from Pittsburgh was expected within a few hours, pushing acres of coal laden barges before her, and he was encouraged by the information, volunteered on every hand, that the work of "firing up" under the boilers of these coal towing boats was so severe that a goodly number of the stokers always abandoned their employment in disgust of it and deserted the boat if she made a landing at Wheeling; as this approaching one must do for the reason that a number of coal laden barges had been left there for her to take in tow.

It was Guilford Duncan's hope to secure a place on her as a stoker or coal passer, to take the place of some one of the deserters. This might enable him, he thought, to earn a little money on the way down the river instead of depleting his slenderly stocked purse by paying steamboat fare.

With such prospect in mind he ventured to go into the town and purchase a pair of boots and a suit of clothes fit to wear when he should reach Cairo. His wornout uniform would answer all his purposes while serving as a stoker.

When the steamboat, with her vast fleet of barges, made a landing Guilford Duncan was the first man to leap aboard in search of work. Unfortunately for him, there were few or no deserters from the front of the furnaces on this trip. He could not secure employment as a stoker earning wages, but after some persuasion the steamer's captain agreed to let him "work his passage" to Cairo—that is to say, he was to pay no fare, receive no wages and do double work in return for his passage down the river and for the coarse and unsavory food necessary for the maintenance of his strength.

CHAPTER V.

IT was a little after sunset on May 30, 1865, when young Duncan went ashore from the towboat at Cairo.

The town was ablaze with fire, works for a local celebration of the close of the war was in progress as he made his way up the slope of the levee through a narrow passageway that ran between two mountainous piles of cotton bales. At other points there were equally great piles of corn and oats in sacks, pork in barrels, hams and bacon in boxes and finer goods of every kind in bales and packing cases, for Cairo was just at that time the busiest entrepot in all the Mississippi valley.

The town was small, but its business was larger than that of many great cities. The little city lay at the point where the Ohio river runs into the Mississippi. From up and down the Mississippi, from the Ohio, from the Tennessee and the Cumberland and even far up the Missouri great fleets of steamboats were landing at Cairo every day to load and unload cargoes representing a wealth as great as that of the Indies. A double headed railroad from the north carrying the produce of half a dozen states and connecting by other roads with all the great cities of the land made its terminus at Cairo. Two railroads from the south—traversing five states—ended their lines at Columbus, a little farther down the river, and were connected with the northern lines by steamboats from Cairo.

Cairo was the meeting place of commerce between the north and the south.

Out of the upper rivers came light draft steamers. Plying the river below were steamers of far different construction by reason of the easier conditions of navigation. At Cairo every steamboat, whether from north or south, unloaded its freight for reshipment up or down the river, as the case might be, upon steamboats of a different type or by rail. And all the freight brought north or south by rail must also be transferred at Cairo, either to river steamers or to railroad cars.

The south was still thronged with northern troops, numbering hundreds of thousands, who must be fed and clothed and otherwise supplied, and so the government's own traffic through the town was in itself a trade of vast proportions. But that was the smallest part of the matter. Now that the war was at an end the south was setting to work to rebuild itself. From the Cumberland and the Tennessee rivers, from the lower Mississippi, from the Arkansas, the Yazoo, the Red river, the White, the St. Francis and all the rest of the waterways of the south energetic men of broken fortune were hurrying to market all the cotton that they had managed to grow and to save during the war, in order that they might get money with which to buy the supplies needed for the cultivation of new crops.

Pretty nearly all this cotton came to Cairo, either for sale to eager buyers there or for shipment to the east and a market.

In return the planters and the southern merchants through whom they did business were clamorous for such goods as they needed. Grain, hay, pork, bacon, agricultural implements, seed potatoes, lime, plaster, lumber and everything else necessary to the

rebuilding of southern homes and industries was pouring into Cairo and out again by train loads and steamboat cargoes night and day.

As Guilford Duncan emerged from the alleyway between the cotton bales and reached the street at top of the levee a still burning fragment of the fireworks fell on a bale of which the burning was badly torn, exposing the lint cotton in a way very tempting to fire. With the instinct of the soldier he instantly climbed to the top of the pile, tore away the burning bunches of lint cotton and threw them to the ground, thus preventing further harm.

As he climbed down again a man confronted him.

"Are you a watchman?" asked the man.

"No; I'm only a man in search of work."

"Why did you do that, then?" queried the stranger, pointing to the still burning cotton scattered on the ground.

"On general principles, I suppose," answered Duncan. "There would have been a terrible fire if I hadn't."

"What's your name?"

"Guilford Duncan."

"Want work?"

"Yes."

"What sort?"

"Any sort—for good wages." That last phrase was the result of his stoker experience.

"Well, do you want to watch this cotton tonight and see that no harm comes to it, either from fire or—what's worse—the cotton thieves that go down the alleys, pulling out all the lint that can from the cotton bales?"

"Yes, if I can have fair wages."

"Will \$3 for the night be fair wages?"

"Yes—ample. How far does your freight extend up and down the levee?"

"It's pretty nearly all mine, but I have other watchmen on other parts of it. This is a new cargo. Your beat will extend?"

"And he gave the young man his boundaries.

"You'll be off duty at sunrise. Come to me at 7 o'clock for your pay. I'm Captain Will Hallam. Anybody in Cairo will tell you where my office is. Good night."

The night passed without event of consequence. There were two or three little fires born of the holiday celebration, but Guilford Duncan managed to suppress them without difficulty. Later in the night a swarm of cotton thieves, mainly boys and girls, invaded the levee with laths conveniently slung over their shoulders. As there were practically no policemen in the town and as his beat was a large one, Duncan for a time had difficulty in dealing with these marauders. But after he had arrested half a dozen of them only to find that there were no

police officers to whom he could turn them over he adopted a new plan. He secured a heavy stick from a bale of hay, and with that he clubbed every cotton thief he could catch. As a soldier it was his habit to adapt means to ends, so he hit hard at heads and seized upon all the stolen goods. Thus passed Guilford Duncan's first night as a common soldier in the great army of industry.

In the morning at the hour appointed he presented himself to Captain Will Hallam and was taken into that person's private office for an interview.

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTAIN WILL HALLAM was a man of the very shrewdest sense, fairly though not liberally educated, whose life from boyhood onward had been devoted to the task of taking quick advantage of every opportunity that the great river traffic of the fifties had offered to men of enterprise and sound judgment.

Beginning as a barefoot boy about 1850 or earlier—he never mentioned the date—he had "run the river" in all sorts of capacities until when the war came, temporarily paralyzing the river trade, he had a comfortable little sum of money to the good.

Unable to foresee what the course and outcome of the war might be, he determined as a measure of prudence to indulge himself and his little board in a period of safe waiting. He converted all his possessions into gold and deposited the whole of it in a Canadian bank, where, while it earned no interest, it was at any rate perfectly safe.

Then he sought and secured a clerkship in the commissary department of the army. Living at the scant salary that the clerkship afforded and meanwhile acquainting himself in minute detail with the foul resources of every quarter of the country, the means and methods of transportation and banding and everything else that could in any wise aid him in making himself a master in commerce.

Then one day in 1863, when he had satisfied himself that the fortunes of war were definitely turning and that in the end the Union cause was destined to triumph, he made a change.

He resigned his clerkship. He recalled his money from Canada and considerably increased at least its nominal amount by converting the gold into greatly depreciated greenbacks.

With this capital he opened a commission and forwarding house at Cairo, together with a coal yard, a bunk, five wharf boats, half a dozen tugs, an insurance office, a flour mill and other

things. He sent for his brothers to act as his clerks and presently to become his partners.

From the beginning he made money rapidly, and from the beginning he was eagerly on the lookout for opportunities which in that time of rapid change were abundant. He quickly secured control of nearly all the commission and forwarding business that centered at Cairo. By underbidding the government itself he presently had contracts for all the vast government business of that character.

He was always ready to take up a collateral enterprise that promised results. When the Mississippi river was reopened to commerce by the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, Captain Will Hallam was the first to see and seize the opportunity. He bought everything he could lay his hands on in the way of steamboats and barges and sent them all upon trading voyages—each under charge of a captain, but each directed by his own masterful mind—up and down the Mississippi, and up and down every navigable tributary of those great rivers.

It was Captain Will Hallam's practice to make partners of all men who might render him service. Thus when he saw how great a business there must be at Cairo in supplying Pittsburgh steam coal to the government fleets on the Mississippi and to the thousands of other steamboats trafficking in those waters he went at once to Pittsburgh, and two days later he had made a certain Captain Hallam his partner in the control of that vastly rich trade.

A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION WITH CONVINCIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time!

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If you are troubled with frequent pains in the back; if your urine stains linen; if you urinate frequently during the night, and a burning pain accompanies its passage, your kidneys and bladder are in bad shape and should be treated at once.

Every dose of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY slowly but surely pushes aside some of the particles of the dread diseases of the kidneys and bladder, liver, blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation, until they completely disappear. Do not lose faith or find fault, if you are not entirely cured by one bottle, because if these diseases have fastened their grip on you the longer and harder it is to drive them away.

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Bottles and regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle—*send for trial, free by mail.*

Dr. David Kennedy, Corporation, Rosedale, N.Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Magic Eye Salve for all Diseases or Inflammations of the Eyes, etc.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Price of Coke

From June 15, 1903.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels,	\$4.50
18 bushels,	\$2.25

Common, delivered.

36 bushels,	\$3.50
18 bushels,	\$1.75

Price at works.

Prepared, 11c. a bushel, \$10 for 100 bushels.
Common, 9c. a bushel, \$8 for 100 bushels.

Orders left at the Gas Office, 181 Thames street, or at Gas Works will be filled promptly.

JAMES P. TAYLOR.

I39

Thames Street,

DEALER IN

Clothing

—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S

Furnishing Goods.

AGENT FOR

Rogers, Peet & Co.'s

CLOTHING.

"The boss insists upon our employing his son here, and it's as much as I can do to keep him idle," said the city editor.

"Idle?" remarked his friend. "You mean busy, don't you?"

"No, I don't. If I kept him busy it would keep three or four other men busy correcting his mistakes."—Philadelphia Press.

A teacher in a city school defined conscience as "something within you that tells you when you have done wrong."

"Oh, yes," said a little lad at the end of the room: "I had it once last summer after I'd eaten green apples, but they had to send for a doctor."

"You will understand, sir," Dr. Price began, "that I cannot undertake to cure your case without a diagnosis."

"That's all right," interrupted Nutrich, laughingly. "I'm sure that's the medical word for 'fee in advance.' Name yer doctor!"

An Api Report—"Fools sometimes ask questions that wise men cannot answer," remarked the professor in the course of his lecture.

"Then that explains why so many of us get plucked in our examinations," said the flippant student.—Home Notes.

"Do you believe there's a divinity that shapes our ends?" he asked.

"Well," she replied, after looking at his receding brow and his large feet, "I can hardly believe it could have been a divinity that shaped you."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Success is like a generous wine which begins by exciting the intellectual faculties and ends by plunging us into a stupid intoxication.—Bougeart.

The South Pole.

There seems to be no hope of finding

the south pole, the antarctic zone being so cold and so compacted with ice as to make any sort of travel there impossible long before the pole is reached.

Oldest Herbarium.

The oldest and most curious herbarium in the world is in the Egyptian museum at Cairo. It consists of crowns, garlands, wreaths and bouquets of Egypt, most of the examples being in excellent condition, and nearly all the flowers have been identified.

They cannot be less than 3,000 years old.

Rice in India.

In India the cultivation of rice antedates history.

More Explicit.

He was as busy as a bee.

Think not he stood alone.

As one great mark of industry.

We work in trust, a divine.

—Washington Star.

Success is like a generous wine which begins by exciting the intellectual faculties and ends by plunging us into a stupid intoxication.—Bougeart.

In the Cyclone Country.

"Why did you leave your last place?"

"I didn't; the place left me."—New York Press.

More Explicit.

You get yourself a pen or two.

You also get some ink.

And then there's nothing else to do

Except to sit and think.

—Chicago Tribune.

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Established by Franklin in 1790.

The Mercury.

Report, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1040

Saturday, May 19, 1908.

The open cars on the street railroads in this city indicate that summer is approaching. It is coming very slowly, though.

It is estimated by officials of the department of commerce and labor that the United States will sell Cuba \$50,000,000 worth of products this year.

It looks now as though it would be a sea level canal. That is provided that we have any. At the present rate of progress the next century will be near at hand before the contracts are cut in two.

The Railway & Engineering Review estimates that there is \$100,000,000 invested in about 2000 summer amusement parks in this country, three-quarters of which are owned and operated by electric railways.

Fire insurance rates in New England are to be increased 10 per cent. This advance will be accomplished by putting rates up 25 per cent in congested business districts and leaving the rates as they are in the outlying sections.

They have a coal war on in Providence and the price has been cut to \$5.50 a ton. The consumer is having his savings now. If the war might extend to Newport the long-suffering public here might be made happy for a little while at least.

Boston & Providence Electrics.

Someone has estimated that since 1906, John D. Rockefeller has received dividends from his holdings in the Standard Oil Co. \$114,000,000. This is at the rate of \$14,000,000 a year or \$17,000 every business day. The Standard Oil dividends are only a small part of his income.

The Democrats in the town of Scituate won out on Wednesday by a large majority. But then they have won nearly every year for fifty years, so there is not much political significance in that. Henry H. Potter, the present town clerk and State Senator, was re-elected by a handsome vote. He is a very efficient man and deserved a re-election.

The Democrats of this section of the State do not take kindly to having their leaders compel them to vote for a Republican for U. S. Senator whether they wish to or not. Many of them say openly if they have got to support a Republican they prefer to support one hailing from Newport, and that they shall vote for those who will support Senator Wetmore.

The work of exterminating the Gypsy moth in this State has begun. In and around Providence these pests are getting to be very destructive, and the work of extermination was begun none too soon. The men who are doing this work first sprinkle the tree with a fluid from a pump and then proceed to the tying of a coarse hemp around the tree saturated with the same fluid, poisonous to the insects.

The nomination by the Democrats of a Republican for United States Senator does not please the rank and file of that party. Many feel that their leaders sold them out, and so express themselves. They feel now that the party, strictly speaking, has no candidate and that they can vote for Senator Wetmore without violating party affiliations. Probably two-thirds of the Democratic party in Newport would prefer the re-election of Senator Wetmore to that of any other man.

Mr. Bryan says that he is not now a candidate for President, but he doesn't know what may happen before 1908. If circumstances demand his candidacy, why he will enter the lists and do the best he can. Now, honest, is there a stronger man in the party than Mr. Bryan? If there is we would like to see him.—Chattanooga News.

This shows the way the Southern mind is trending. It will not take much of a prophet to predict that the next Democratic leaders will be Bryan of Nebraska and Bailey of Texas. Mark that for future reference.

President Sullivan of the Boston & Northern and Old Colony Street Railway Systems, and the representatives of the Employes' Unions have been in consultation for several days in regard to the demands made by the motormen and conductors for more pay and less hours of work. The matter is not yet settled, but it is hoped that matters will be adjusted soon. This does not affect the Newport end of the system, as the conductors and motormen here have made no complaint.

The New Haven road by its attorney, Mr. E. G. Buckland, appeared before the town council of Westerly last Tuesday and submitted plans for a new depot of Westerly granite to be built in that town. We are glad for Westerly, but wonder if the New Haven people know that there is such a place as Newport, and that they have a ten dollar shed here that needs some slight repairs. We are a very patient people, still there is a point where we sometimes get impatient, and every Newporter is inclined to manifest that impatience when the apology for a depot used by the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. is mentioned. This is an important terminal station and yet there are but few towns, large or small, throughout their entire territory that has a poorer depot. Come over and see us Brother Buckland and you will have a good cause in which to use your eloquence with your company.

Appreciative Words.

Col. Henry T. Simon one of the well known Democrats of this State, has the following good word for U. S. Senator Geo. Peabody Wetmore in a letter published in one of the Providence papers:

"Governor Wetmore has devoted himself to all business enterprises,

giving his entire time and attention to his official duties; and has labored zealously in the interests of his constituency.

Through his instrumentality vast measures have been enacted promoting the interests of the people of our State.

I can not think the mass of people for whom he has devoted his best energies desire to remove him from his field of labor and substitute in his place a novice who by reason of his numerous trust enterprises is already weighted down with duties which would impair his usefulness as United States Senator. It is obvious that being entirely without experience he would fail far short of bringing about the results accomplished by the present incumbent."

"Governor Wetmore is a man of charming personality and easily approached by those claiming his attention, officially or otherwise; so all owing, in contact with him can testify; a patient listener and prompt to act in behalf of all whose claims merit his approval.

"Our veterans of the war have found in him a friend who never fails in presenting their claims through the departments at Washington. In Newport County, where Governor Wetmore is best known, it will be difficult to find a person regardless of politics who will permit his name to be set down in favor of any candidate named against him; and when the vote is taken in our State Legislature I think it will be found solid for Wetmore and that the representatives from other portions of the State, appreciating his abilities and his earnest efforts to promote the interests of our people, will generally give him their support."

A comparison of the wages of interest, as showing the rates paid on the lines connecting with or adjoining those of Boston & Northern and the Old Colony companies. The schedules refer to shows that the Boston Elevated Co. pays a maximum of 26 cents which is only reached after 15 years of service, while the two companies concerned pay 25 cents after ten years, although the "L" pays 22 cents the first year.

Operating in adjoining territory the Boston & Suburban Co. pay 20 cents for the first three years and then a similar but modified scale.

The Rhode Island Co. in Providence pays for the first year 18-21 cents, while its maximum is 22-24 cents an hour. Another company running into Newport pays a flat rate of 20 cents.

In Taunton one of the lines running over the Old Colony tracks into that city pays 20 cents flat, and the other 17 cents for the first three years and then 20 cents.

At Newburyport the company starts the men at 18 cents and after the first year pays 20 cents.

In New Bedford it takes 15 years to reach the maximum rate of 25 cents an hour, while the rate in between is a trifle lower. The Plymouth and Brockton road meeting the Old Colony Company's tracks in Whitman pays the same scale as the Old Colony.

In New Hampshire the New Hampshire Traction Co., which connects with the Boston & Northern lines at various points, adopted the same scale as the Boston & Northern at the same time.

In Merriam the rate for the first year is 18 cents while thereafter it is 20 cents flat.

A road operating adjacent territory to the west of the Old Colony lines pay 17 cents for the first six months and then 20 cents for the rest of the time.

In Springfield and Pittsfield the rate of 20 cents is paid at the start and the maximum is 22 cents. In North Adams and Northampton a flat rate of 20 cents is paid.

In Gardner there is a flat rate of 20 cents, while the rate in Greenfield is similar except that 17 cents is paid the first year.

A road out of Worcester running westerly pays 17 cents flat.

In Westfield a flat rate of 20 cents is paid while in Worcester the rate is the same as on the Boston & Northern. In Holyoke the start is 20 cents and the maximum reached in 10 years is 22 cents.

When Senator Bacon was forty odd years younger than he is now, he had a gray uniform on and was a target for Yankee bullets; we're very glad indeed that none of them hit him.

In the crowd at the Uncle Joe Cannon reception he found himself face to face with the President of the United States.

"Here's the man," said Mr. Roosevelt, seizing the Senator's hand and giving it a hearty shake, "who stopped the second Sherman march to the sea."

The Senator returned the President's smile. "That's better luck than I had before," he said. "I tried to stop the first march, but I never got anywhere on the project."

The change from steam to electricity on the New York Central terminal section will be made September 1, covering 7-10 miles at first on the main line and 12½ on the Harlem road. The new signaling system costs \$2,000,000, and there will be 44 operating terminal tracks instead of 28 as at present. One hundred and eighty motor cars will be ready by September. The New Haven road will about the same time be operating their trains by electricity from Stamford to the Grand Central station.

At last Boston is beginning to sit up and take notice. The Governor has signed the midnight liquor bill, so called, which allows the thirsty to get their favorite tipple up to low twelve.

Still those long-suffering thirty mortals will have to restrain themselves a while longer, for the law does not become operative till after the people have voted on it next November.

The trolley express service over the lines of the Old Colony Street Railway Co. between Brockton and Providence via Taunton went into operation this week. The first car left with a good load of express freight. Arrangements are being made for similar service to Whitman and other towns in South Eastern Massachusetts.

Because of the new law requiring milkmen to have all their cans sealed as to correct measurement, there is a movement in Providence to abandon the glass jar, as it is said to be very liable to breakage, and breakage costs too much, when the sealing fee is added.

Arthur D. Osborne has resigned as a director of the New Haven Road on account of ill health and is succeeded by James F. Hemingway.

The mackerel have struck in and fish are being shipped in considerable quantities from Long wharf.

Street Railway Rates.

President P. F. Sullivan of the Boston & Northern and Old Colony Street Railway Companies has given his reply to the request of the employees of these two systems for a 28-cent an hour flat wage scale and a 9-hour day. He pointed out to them that the request could not be granted for reasons which he pointed out in a concise statement of the case in which he showed that the finances of the companies would not permit it.

It was also shown to the men that investigations throughout the country show that the men on these two divisions are now working under much better conditions than elsewhere with very few exceptions. Throughout New England while there are a few roads that pay practically the same there are none that pay more and in the whole country there are but two or three roads that pay more and a very few that pay as much. Those that pay more are in localities where the cost of living is very high. The men now have the matter under consideration.

That's better understanding might exist as to the conditions existing elsewhere, with relation to wages of street car men. The men have been given a schedule, showing the results of investigations among over 200 companies in places large and small in New England and other parts of the country.

The Boston & Northern and Old Colony Street Railway companies now pay the following schedule: 1st year 20 cents; 2nd year 21 cents; 3rd and 4th years 22 cents; 5th, 6th and 7th years 23 cents; 8th, 9th and 10th years 24 cents; over 10 years 25 cents.

A comparison of the wages of interest, as showing the rates paid on the lines connecting with or adjoining those of Boston & Northern and the Old Colony companies. The schedules refer to show that the Boston Elevated Co. pays a maximum of 26 cents which is only reached after 15 years of service, while the two companies concerned pay 25 cents after ten years, although the "L" pays 22 cents the first year.

Operating in adjoining territory the Boston & Suburban Co. pay 20 cents for the first three years and then a similar but modified scale.

The Rhode Island Co. in Providence pays for the first year 18-21 cents, while its maximum is 22-24 cents an hour. Another company running into Newport pays a flat rate of 20 cents.

In Taunton one of the lines running over the Old Colony tracks into that city pays 20 cents flat, and the other 17 cents for the first three years and then 20 cents.

At Newburyport the company starts the men at 18 cents and after the first year pays 20 cents.

In New Bedford it takes 15 years to reach the maximum rate of 25 cents an hour, while the rate in between is a trifle lower. The Plymouth and Brockton road meeting the Old Colony Company's tracks in Whitman pays the same scale as the Old Colony.

In New Hampshire the New Hampshire Traction Co., which connects with the Boston & Northern lines at various points, adopted the same scale as the Boston & Northern at the same time.

In Merriam the rate for the first year is 18 cents while thereafter it is 20 cents flat.

A road operating adjacent territory to the west of the Old Colony lines pay 17 cents for the first six months and then 20 cents for the rest of the time.

In Springfield and Pittsfield the rate of 20 cents is paid at the start and the maximum is 22 cents. In North Adams and Northampton a flat rate of 20 cents is paid.

In Gardner there is a flat rate of 20 cents, while the rate in Greenfield is similar except that 17 cents is paid the first year.

A road out of Worcester running westerly pays 17 cents flat.

In Westfield a flat rate of 20 cents is paid while in Worcester the rate is the same as on the Boston & Northern. In Holyoke the start is 20 cents and the maximum reached in 10 years is 22 cents.

When Senator Bacon was forty odd years younger than he is now, he had a gray uniform on and was a target for Yankee bullets; we're very glad indeed that none of them hit him.

In the crowd at the Uncle Joe Cannon reception he found himself face to face with the President of the United States.

"Here's the man," said Mr. Roosevelt, seizing the Senator's hand and giving it a hearty shake, "who stopped the second Sherman march to the sea."

The Senator returned the President's smile. "That's better luck than I had before," he said. "I tried to stop the first march, but I never got anywhere on the project."

The change from steam to electricity on the New York Central terminal section will be made September 1, covering 7-10 miles at first on the main line and 12½ on the Harlem road. The new signaling system costs \$2,000,000, and there will be 44 operating terminal tracks instead of 28 as at present. One hundred and eighty motor cars will be ready by September. The New Haven road will about the same time be operating their trains by electricity from Stamford to the Grand Central station.

At last Boston is beginning to sit up and take notice. The Governor has signed the midnight liquor bill, so called, which allows the thirsty to get their favorite tipple up to low twelve.

Still those long-suffering thirty mortals will have to restrain themselves a while longer, for the law does not become operative till after the people have voted on it next November.

The trolley express service over the lines of the Old Colony Street Railway Co. between Brockton and Providence via Taunton went into operation this week. The first car left with a good load of express freight. Arrangements are being made for similar service to Whitman and other towns in South Eastern Massachusetts.

Because of the new law requiring milkmen to have all their cans sealed as to correct measurement, there is a movement in Providence to abandon the glass jar, as it is said to be very liable to breakage, and breakage costs too much, when the sealing fee is added.

Arthur D. Osborne has resigned as a director of the New Haven Road on account of ill health and is succeeded by James F. Hemingway.

The mackerel have struck in and fish are being shipped in considerable quantities from Long wharf.

Washington Matters.

Amended Bill More Drastic than the Original—Modifications the Philippine Tariff Bill—Opponents of the Free Alcohol Bill—Notes.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 17, 1908.

As the rate bill is shaping itself in the final days of the struggle, it looks as though the amended measure when it goes back to the House would be much more drastic than the original Hepburn bill. One of the most important of the several amendments that have been offered is that of Senator Spooner, offered this week, which aims to prevent the undue litigation that a court review of the Commissioner's findings would entail. To put his plan briefly as possible, he provides that in case of an appeal to court from the findings of the Commissioner, the railroad shall pay into court the difference between the rate fixed and the rate complained of with an additional per cent. interest on the money involved. In case the court decides in favor of the complainant, the railroad is to pay the difference and the six per cent. interest on the money so held up. This would if enforced make the railroads almost as anxious to conclude a case as the shipper and would put an end to dilatory motions and prolonged hearings such as would otherwise be sure to follow. It is even provided that the payment shall be made to the person who has in effect paid the freight, even though he may not be the actual shipper. This would work in the case of a farmer who had grain to an elevator based, as is frequently done, on the freight charges, to some central market point. In that case the farmer would be the beneficiary and would receive the money instead of it going to the elevator company.

But the Spooner provision is not nearly so drastic as the proposal of Senator McCumber to make rebating punishable with fine and imprisonment. This is a deadly blow at the trusts, for wealthy men, who do not care particularly about fine such as any court might impose, have a rooted aversion to going to jail. The provision makes the penalty of rebating a fine of three times the amount paid in rebates and imprisonment for not more than five and not less than one year. As it is, it will be to the latter to render the penalty as heavy as possible, the Statute of Limitation, which is in the nature of things only three years, is extended to six years in the matter of rebates. The law is of course not retroactive as that would be unconstitutional. But evidence may reach back from the time of the action for six years, not of course antedating the passage of the bill.

On the principle that half a loaf is better than starvation, Secretary Taft is preparing a modification of the Philippine Tariff bill that contemplates a reduction of only fifty per cent on the duties on Philippine rice, sugar and tobacco. Other products of the islands are to be admitted to this country duty free. This step would be of some practical advantage to the islanders, but it would be chiefly advantageous to the United States as an educational step. It will be recollect that there was a vigorous fight against the present reduction of 25 per cent in the Dingley rates when that measure was first enacted. It was claimed that the bill would injure if not kill the business interests of the United States. It has been found that no harm resulted and it would have been found that no harm resulted had the Payne bill passed, as it seemed at one time likely to do. But if the fifty per cent reduction is adopted and it is shown that there is no harm done, then in all probability the seventy-five per cent reduction will come in time and eventually free trade with the islands, which is a natural evolution and one hoped for by many both of the Republicans and Democrats in Congress.

Opponents of the Free Alcohol bill are coming out of the brush, so to speak, but the biggest one is still in hiding. There was a hearing before the Senate Committee this week of one George Clapperton, representing the wood alcohol interests of the northwest. It is just possible that in his evidence Mr. Clapperton tried to kill two birds, for he came out frankly and said that his opposition to the bill was that it would kill the wood alcohol industry. He said that there was \$15,000,000 of capital invested in the business and that 15,000 men depended on it for a livelihood. He did not say, which is probably the

THE RATE BATTLE

Statement From Roosevelt In Reply to Tillman.

NOT DICTATING ACTION

Denies Insisting Upon Certain Amendments In Bill as a Condition of His Approval, and Says Allison's Purposes and His Own Are "Identical"

Washington, May 16.—The sensational rate bill incident in the senate Saturday, during which Mr. Tillman, on the authority of former Senator Chandler, made statements regarding the president's course in connection with pending railroad rate legislation, some of which statements were denied by Mr. Lodge, on behalf of the president, had its sequel last evening, when an official statement was issued at the White House giving an account of the subject on the part of the president and Attorney General Moody. The statement comprised two letters, one from the president to Senator Allison and the other from Moody to the president, both dated yesterday. The president says:

"In no case, either in the case of Mr. Chandler or anyone else, was there the slightest opportunity for any honest misconception of my attitude or any belief that I pledged myself specifically to one and only one amendment or set of amendments or that I would not be satisfied with any amendment which preserved the essential features of the Hepburn bill as it came from the house."

The president says that as to many of the amendments, including the so-called Long, Overman, Bacon and Spooner amendments, he had said he should be entirely satisfied to have them in the bill and suggested modifications to other amendments, but that "as to none of the amendments did I ever say either to Mr. Chandler or to anyone else that I should insist upon having them in the bill as a condition of my approval," and that, on the contrary, he (the president) was careful to state that he was not trying to dictate any particular program of action.

The president says the statements made to Chandler were the same in substance as those made to Allison and other senators of both parties. He said he was asked to see Chandler as the representative of Tillman in charge of the bill, and that the conferences Moody had with Tillman and Bailey were such as had been held with many other senators to determine the phraseology and discuss the effect of amendments proposed by them.

Sheriff Smith, one of the Skowhegan lawyers and the reporter came to Bingham and went to Moose Pond, 25 miles northwest of the village, where Hayes has been employed as a laborer on the extension of the Somerset railway. In the meantime Deputy Sheriff Pierce of this place saw Hayes at Austin Junction, about half a mile from Bingham, and arrested the man. When taken into custody Hayes said: "I have done nothing; what am I arrested for?" He was taken to the local lockup and will be removed to Skowhegan for arraignment. The authorities refused to sign the warrant.

The president states that he became convinced that it was impossible for senators "with advantage" to use him as an intermediary, and suggested to all to whom he spoke that they communicate with Allison, whose purposes and the president's were "identical."

The president says that his own opinion is that the Allison amendment in no way changed the court review as provided in the original Hepburn bill, and it is also the opinion of Attorney General Moody and Secretaries Root and Taft.

The attorney general's letter gives an account, at the president's request, of the conferences which Moody had by the president's direction with Tillman and Bailey regarding the court review feature. He says he advised the president that he should not at any stage become finally committed beyond recall to any form of language in any part of the bill, and the president affirmed the wisdom of that course. He reviews the discussion of interlocutory injunctions and concludes that there was nothing in the "conversations" between the senators and himself which bound the president to any particular amendment.

The president had been openly accused in the senate on Saturday of having deliberately violated an agreement that he had made with Republicans and Democrats for the passage of the rate bill. The charge was brought against the president by Senator Tillman. It was made deliberately, carefully and in such a manner that it carried conviction. A little later in the session Mr. Lodge attempted to break the force of the charge by quoting a telegraphic message from the president in which he made denial of one of the minor counts of the indictment.

Washington, May 16.—Senator Tillman took the floor in the senate to make a statement in behalf of ex-Senator Chandler. In the course of his remarks he said: "The president's attempted explanation is ingenious, but not ingenious. The statement is absurd on its face. The president is guilty of bad faith, and the rate bill which will be enacted into law *** has been emanated *** by the president's action."

Tillman emphasized the fact that his conferences with the president on the rate bill were at the special request of the president himself.

Long Sentence For Yeggmen

Exeter, N. H., May 16.—Joseph Gouin and John Doe pleaded guilty here to a charge of murder in the second degree, in causing the death of Giuseppe Giampa. Doe, who, it is believed, fired the shot that caused Giampa's death, was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and Gouin received sentence of not more than 30 years nor less than 20. It is believed that the two men are members of a gang of yeggmen.

Should Be Investigated

Washington, May 17.—Assistant Secretary Newberry of the navy department has asked marine corps officials for information concerning a story that Captain Bearse of the marine corps, serving on the battleship Wisconsin, recently had the popular air "Always in the Way" played as a march at the funeral of C. W. T. Lawrence, a private, who was drowned while carrying dispatches near Olongapo, P. I.

MURDER SUSPECT

Man Held In Maine For the Killing of Mabel Page

WAS AT VICTIM'S HOUSE

He Called There For a Glass of Water on Day of Murder, According to Story Furnished Authorities by a Woman

Bingham, Me., May 17.—Jerry Hayes, said to be otherwise known as J. Moulton, a laborer, was arrested near this town on a warrant charging him with the murder of Mabel Page at Weston, Mass., March 31, 1904, and with being a fugitive from justice. Charles L. Tucker is awaiting electrocution next month for the Page murder. The warrant was issued in Skowhegan last Monday by Judge Bacheller of the municipal court upon the application of a reporter employed by a Boston evening paper.

The arrest is based upon alleged remarks made by Hayes to Mrs. Margaret F. Brown of Bingham, at whose home Hayes was formerly a boarder more than two months ago. According to Mrs. Brown, Hayes remarked one day that Tucker had "got the chair," and that it was "a good thing for me that he has." Mrs. Brown said that when she repeated that man what he meant he replied that he was at the Page house on the day of the murder. Just before the crime was discovered, that he was recovering from a spree and was on the way across the country to obtain work when he stopped at the Page house for a glass of water.

The story came to the ears of Daniel Stuart, a lawyer of this town, and others two months ago. Stuart says he gave it little attention at first, but later he decided to inform Tucker's lawyers, Vahey, Innes & Mansfield of Boston, of the matter. Not knowing the address of the attorneys, Stuart wrote to a Boston newspaper and afterwards was in communication with Tucker's attorneys. Mrs. Brown, it develops, communicated with Mrs. Albert L. Tucker, the mother of the condemned man.

Last Friday night Boston reporter arrived here. Saturday he went to Skowhegan. On Monday Lawyer Stuart received a letter from the Boston attorneys stating that they had begun an investigation. The Boston reporter interviewed two Skowhegan lawyers on Sunday and a warrant was drawn up, based on the alleged remarks made by Hayes to Mrs. Brown. On Monday the lawyers and reporter laid the evidence before Judge Bacheller, and he signed the warrant.

Sheriff Smith, one of the Skowhegan lawyers and the reporter came to Bingham and went to Moose Pond, 25 miles northwest of the village, where Hayes has been employed as a laborer on the extension of the Somersett railway.

In the meantime Deputy Sheriff Pierce of this place saw Hayes at Austin Junction, about half a mile from Bingham, and arrested the man. When taken into custody Hayes said: "I have done nothing; what am I arrested for?" He was taken to the local lockup and will be removed to Skowhegan for arraignment. The authorities refused to sign the warrant.

Little is known of Hayes. He has been working in the vicinity of Bingham since 1904.

Murder on Crowded Street

New Bedford, Mass., May 14.—Domenico Pennella, an Italian, fatally stabbed Antonio Agnello, 35 years old, on Acushnet avenue last evening. The murder occurred in a crowded street, but little is known as to what led up to the crime. Pennella was arrested after a short chase. His victim was dead when the police reached him. In Pennella's pocket the police found a knife which measured 10 inches long when opened.

Three Men Drowned

Turner's Falls, Mass., May 14.—While Almeda Belmore, aged 23, Daniel Shee, 21, and Eugene Bourdon, 22, were out on the Connecticut river in a flat-bottomed boat, their boat was caught in an eddy and carried over the falls, and all three men were drowned. Their bodies were swept down the river. All were unmarried and were employed in local factories.

Lynching—but "No Disorder"

Tampa, Fla., May 14.—A mob entered the jail at Inverness late last night, got the keys from the jailor, and took out Frank Jordan, a negro, charged with robbing and murdering a peddler named Sweeney. The negro was hanged to a tree a short distance from town. There was no disorder, the mob doing its work very quietly.

Out of the Ordinary

Washington, May 16.—Representative Henry (Conn.) has received a most unusual petition containing the signatures of President Wilson and every member of the faculty of Princeton university. The petition asks for a consolidation of third and fourth-class mail matter.

Castro in Forgiving Mood

New York, May 18—It is learned from a source of information closely allied to the Venezuelan government that President Castro will resume control of his office on May 23, and on that day he will grant a general amnesty to political prisoners.

Ernest Snow of Newbury Falls, Mass., 25 years old, shot a hawk, the bird falling into the Deerfield river. In wading out to secure it, Shaw got beyond his depth and was drowned.

George Pond, aged 67, widely known as a unique character and philosopher, dropped dead from heart failure at his home at Greenfield, Mass. He was a native of Greenfield and had traveled widely.

BEAT CONTRACT SPEED

Cruiser St Louis Shows Up Well on Her Endurance Test

Boston, May 18.—The new United States cruiser St. Louis, built by Neale & Levy of Philadelphia, arrived off Boston light last evening, having concluded her endurance test. The cruiser came from Rockland, Me., where she underwent her official standardization trial.

On the trip from Rockland to Boston four hours were devoted to the endurance test, and during this time the cruiser developed an average speed of 22.13 knots an hour. The government requirements for speed were an average of 22 knots an hour. During the endurance run the propellers of the cruiser attained a maximum of 151 revolutions a minute and a maximum horsepower of 27,000 was developed. The coal consumption averaged 1.74 per indicated horse-power.

After the members of the trial board had proceeded to Boston on a tug, the cruiser sailed for Philadelphia. The St. Louis, it is believed, will be placed in commission within three months.

Approved Bill on Sight

Boston, May 18.—The famous midnight liquor bill is now a law and one of the most interesting chapters in the liquor legislation of the state house in years has been brought to a close. The bill was enacted in the senate yesterday and signed by Governor Guild within three minutes of the time it reached him. This bill applies to Boston alone and provides that if the voters of Boston accept the act at the city election next fall liquor shall be sold until midnight in such hotels as the licensing authorities shall designate, but that there shall be not more than one midnight liquor hotel to every 20,000 people.

Attempted Murder and Suicide

Cambridge, Mass., May 18.—At a reunion of the members of the Cambridge Commercial school, which was held last night, George M. De Wolfe, 18 years old, had some argument with Miss Lillian Thoroughgood, 17 years old. Early this morning he met the young woman with a party of friends on the street and was refused permission to see Miss Thoroughgood to her home. He then pointed a revolver at the girl and shot, but the bullet glanced away by a locket, although her clothes were set on fire. De Wolfe then shot himself in the right temple. It is said that he cannot recover.

Competition Must Be Fair

Boston, May 18.—In a decision of the supreme court in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Abe Strauss, the constitutionality of Revised Laws, chapter 56, second 1, "providing for the protection of traders," is sustained and the conviction of Strauss, an agent of the Continental Tobacco company, known as the "trust," accused of selling the goods of the company to jobbers in Bridgewater and Brockton on more favorable terms if they would deal exclusively with the trust is affirmed. The decision is a serious blow to the trust.

Verdict of \$120,000 Set Aside

Boston, May 18.—In a decision declaring that benefits to property must be offset against damages, a verdict of \$100,000, which with interest foots up to \$120,000, was set aside by the full bench of the supreme court in sustaining the defendant's exceptions in the suit of Francis Peabody, Jr., et al., trustees, against the Boston Elevated Railway company. The action was brought for alleged damages to the Hotel Essex property by reason of the location, construction, maintenance and operation of the elevated road.

Injunction in "Open Shop" Fight

Boston, May 17.—A temporary injunction restraining the members of the Lynn Carpenters' union, Building Trades council, Plumbers' union, Painters' union and other labor bodies of Lynn, from picketing, intimidating or otherwise interfering with the employees of the master builders of that city, was granted by Judge Lawton in the superior court here. The injunction is the outcome of the controversy over the determination of the master builders to operate on the "open shop" principle.

Mother and Son in Prison For Life

New Haven, May 17.—After a trial which had many sensational incidents, Mrs. Ida J. Jennings and her son, Herbert W. Taylor, were convicted of murder in the second degree for killing Joseph E. Jennings, the husband of Mrs. Jennings, on the night of April 8, in a secluded spot in the East Haven Woods near the home of the family. Both were sentenced to life imprisonment by Judge Rorabuck.

Fishermen Lost From Dory

Gloucester, Mass., May 17.—The loss of two dorymen of the Gloucester fishing schooner Richard Wainwright is reported in a telegram from Captain Wharton at Grindstone, Magdalene Islands. The men were Michael Caning and Orrin Mills. A high wave struck a dory, capsizing it, and before any of the other men could reach the spot the two occupants had disappeared.

Health Officers Fined

Salem, Mass., May 17.—Three members of the Swampscott board of health were fined \$20 each for spiriting away the books of the board and refusing to submit them to an investigating committee representing the taxpayers of the town. The convicted members appealed their case to the superior court and furnished bonds of \$100.

Overloaded Boat Swamped

Calais, Me., May 18.—Stephen Leavitt, 40 years old, and James Curran, Jr., 25, were drowned at Meddy Hamp's lake while they were taking a boatload of brick and other material to a summer cottage situated on an island in the lake. The boat was overloaded and was swamped and sank in 20 feet of water.

Porto Rican Citizenship

Washington, May 18.—The house committee on insular affairs authorized a favorable report on the bill extending United States citizenship to the inhabitants of Porto Rico. Porto Ricans, together with Americans on the island, are to be known as the people of Porto Rico, "who shall be deemed and held to be citizens of the United States."

CRAPSEY GUILTY

Is Convicted of Heresy by Ecclesiastical Court

ONE MEMBER DISSENTS

Has Thirty Days Before Sentence of Suspension From Exercising Functions of Minister Is Fully Pronounced to Retract

Rochester, May 18.—The verdict of the court of ecclesiastics of the Episcopal church sitting on the case of the Rev. Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey is for suspension until he satisfies the ecclesiastical authorities of the diocese that his belief and teaching conform to the doctrine of the Apostles' creed and the Nicene creed as the church has received them.

Dr. Crapsey was accused of heresy and of utterances from the pulpit and in print in violation of the tenets of the church faith.

Four members of the court signed the verdict of guilty, and the other member, Dr. Dunham, upheld Dr. Crapsey. The decision is as follows:

"We make and find the following conclusions with respect to the said matters and things written and published by said respondent, and we here set forth for convenient reference that portion of the presentment referred to and herein denominated 'doctrines denied,' being a part of specification 1, charge 1.

"It being intended by said language, words and terms, to express the presbyter's disbelief in and to impugn and to deny the following doctrines, to wit:

1. The doctrine that our Lord Jesus Christ is God, the Saviour of the world.
2. The doctrine that our Lord Jesus Christ was conceived by the Holy Ghost.
3. The doctrine of the virgin birth of our Lord Jesus Christ.
4. The doctrine of the resurrection of our blessed Lord and Saviour.
5. The doctrine of the blessed trinity." After defining the extent of Dr. Crapsey's guilt on each specification the report concludes as follows:

"In accordance with section 18 of the ordinances of the ecclesiastical court of this diocese, we state that in our opinion sentence should be pronounced as follows:

"That the respondent be suspended from exercising the functions of a minister of this church until such time as he shall satisfy the ecclesiastical authority of the diocese that his belief and teaching conform to the doctrine of the Apostles' creed and the Nicene creed, as this church hath received the same. However, we express the earnest hope and desire that the respondent may see his way clear, during the 30 days which, under the canon of the church, must intervene before sentence can be pronounced fully, to satisfy the ecclesiastical authority of such conformity on his part."

The other member of the court, in his separate decision, says:

"I find from his own statements and the evidence submitted for his defense that his error consists rather in presuming to define what God has not been pleased to reveal and to interpret those doctrines in a manner not generally received by the church rather than in a denial and rejection of their truth and authority."

Stay of sentence is certain, as Dr. Crapsey will appeal to the court of review, his appeal preventing the bishop from imposing sentence.

Felker Unable to Secure Bail

Newburyport, Mass., May 18.—When James V. Felker, formerly city treasurer, charged with the embezzlement of \$86,500 from the city, was brought into the municipal court on continuance, City Solicitor Bayley stated that he was not yet ready to proceed, as experts were still at work examining Felker's books. He asked for a continuance until May 28, which was granted. Felker was returned to jail, bail being continued at \$10,000, which he was unable to furnish.

To Prison For Attempt at Suicide

Portland, Me., May 18.—A sentence of 11 months in the county jail for an attempt at self-murder given James May of Westbrook by Justice Peabody. The indictment was based on the common law and the indictment was demurred to on the ground that the statutes, by not providing specifically for attempts at suicide, intended to punish for this offense.

Bees Stung Farmer to Death

Carlisle, Pa., May 18.—Abraham Whistler, a farmer, was hauling a hive of bees to his home when a sudden jolt of the wagon knocked the top off the hive. The hundreds of bees thus released attacked Whistler and stung him so severely that he died shortly after.

"Cures" Which Poison Consumptives

Washington, May 18.—Deaunciation of so-called tuberculous nostrums in the shape of patent and proprietary medicines was the feature of the discussion at the meeting in this city of the National Association for Prevention of Tuberculosis. It was decided that some of the alleged consumption cures were comparatively harmless, being mostly a mixture of inert drugs, that had no effect one way or the other, while others were made up of cocaine, opium, hashish and cheap whiskey. This latter class was declared to be an active poison in any case, but especially so in the

Farce of Meat Inspection.

Dr. W. K. Jaques, formerly director of the Chicago Laboratory and in charge of the meat inspection at the stockyards, tells in the World's Work of the inefficiency and corruption of the meat inspection and how the health of the nation is menaced by these conditions. Among other things, he says: "During the first month in which I was city director, one meat inspector made only one condemnation for that month, and that of an immature calf. Another inspector made no report to me of any work done during my entire term of office, and I was powerless to compel him to do so because of the political backing. It is needless to say that he drew his salary regularly. Still another meat inspector was engaged in a profitable side line of buying guaranteed beef for smokers."

The accuracy and thoroughness of the work of Government inspectors can be judged when it is estimated that from 1600 to 2200 cattle are often killed under the eye of a single inspector in a day from eight to ten hours. Walking back and forth through the killing beds, the inspector can give only the briefest glance at the animals that are being converted into food. In this glance he is supposed to detect evidences of disease which pathologists may require hours to find. I took pains to ascertain if the Government inspection were sufficient to guard the public. To this end I made frequent and unannounced visits to the yards. On one occasion I was there at four o'clock in the morning and visited the Standard Slaughtering Company, the company which kills the diseased animals condemned by the city, government and State inspectors. I saw a load of meat just leaving the place, but was near enough to identify it. When I entered the house, there was no one in sight; nor could I find any one for fifteen minutes. Then I found the watchman, who could not give me any information about anything. Hanging in the room in full sight, unguarded and open to the public, were two sides of beef having on them the slashes of the State inspector and the Government tag of condemnation. But the meat was not under lock and seal as required by the Government regulations, nor was there any one to prevent its being carried off. I sent one of my inspectors to the slaughter house with orders to kerosene all meat he found unfit for use. He returned in a state of great indignation and excitement, saying that the men fought hard and long to keep him from using kerosene. "Why?" said he, "I drew out seven hogs that were diseased with cholera, and went to get my kerosene can. When I returned, there were only two left. 'Where are the other five?' I asked, and the man replied: 'Oh, they are in sausages by this time.'"

Three Women Side by Side.

"Speaking of dodging autos," said the man who had just stepped from the sidewalk out into the freshly sprinkled street to avoid running into a trio of women marching company front along the walk, "I'd rather take chances with the most reckless scorchers than ever scorched than to meet three women on a narrow sidewalk."

"Why women especially?" asked the friend he had met just in time to confide his troubles. "Because," he answered, "women seem to have no conception of the rights of other people to use the walks. Three of them marching along abreast on a sidewalk built for three will keep straight on without changing formation or giving any indication that they realize that others are in existence, no matter how many people they may meet. Consequently the latter take to the street, whatever the condition of the latter may be."

"Men under similar circumstances will make room for the people they meet, but the average woman, not she. If there's anything that makes me chuckle when a woman wants my seat in a trolley car and doesn't get it, it's the knowledge that she wouldn't give me room to pass on the sidewalk if I should meet her with some of her friends."

"I think I'm naturally as gallant as the ordinary man. I try to be. But the primitive instinct of combat is always roused by the habit so many women have of regarding the sidewalk as their own private property and all others as trespassers."

"Most of us need to learn a lot about good manners, but this is a bit of indifference to the convenience of others that I never could understand in women."

"There," said the senior partner, "what do you think of that motto for our new breakfast food? 'makes good red blood!'"

"Well, replied the junior partner, "maybe we'd make a bigger hit by saying 'blue blood!'"—Philadelphia Press.

Warden—"Now, we try to give our partners work of the kind they are accustomed to."

Prisoner—"That suits me. I was a traveling salesman."—Cleveland Leader.

"Which is it—Winter lingers in the lap of spring, or spring lingers in the lap of winter?"

"Don't remember; but of late years I should say it had been lap and lap."—Brooklyn Life.

First Sweet Thing—The Snobblines claim to be connected with some of the best families in town.

Second Sweet Thing—Yes; I understand they've just put in a telephone.—Chicago Daily News.

Mr. Subsub—What's new, dear?

Mrs. Subsub (dejectedly)—The cook's gone!

Mr. Subsub—My dear, I asked what's new?—Puck.

"Dr. Reaper told me that last month he performed over a hundred operations."

"Were they successful?"

"Oh, yes. He got paid for every one."—Life.

Young Wife (excited and horrified)—Jack, mother says she wants to be cremated!

Jack—All right. Tell her to put on her things and I'll take her down at once.—Life.

Mrs. Jawback—You're a wretch, but I suppose if I had my life to live over again I'd marry you just the same.

Mr. Jawback—I bet a dollar you wouldn't.—Cleveland Leader.

"Gee! Some of these roustabouts are strong. See how easily that fellow rabbed that barrel of buckwheat flour."

"That's no trouble. That's self-raising buckwheat!"—Cleveland Leader.

"Miss Silvie, what do you think of this automobile scorching as sport?"

"I think it is just killing."—Baltimore American.

FILTH IN KOREA.

The Streets of the City Rock With Sewage and Odors.

The streets of Korea are used for every conceivable and inconceivable thing. Down the middle of them or on either side the city's sewage reeks along a sluggish course, carrying with it every possible thing but its own horrible odor. The houses on the main streets, or what might for want of a more descriptive name be called the business streets, are all built with one side open, as houses are built in Japan. There is little or nothing displayed for sale in any shop, and there is seldom anything to detain a loiterer along the way. The Korean woman knows absolutely nothing about the joys and sorrows of shopping. She lives her life in virtuous seclusion, or at least in seclusion, and the tradesmen must needs go to her and thrust their goods respectfully through small openings in the door of her apartments. What she doesn't want she thrusts out again and then bangles with him over the price of what she has selected, with the thin but not transparent partition between them. So there is little need for attractive shop windows. Since the women make all the men's clothes, they, of course, buy the materials for them also, and I have really never seen anything purchased in a shop. But still they are built with the uselessly open side, and one can buy if one is so inclined, as foreigners so often are. The houses that are not of this description are not to be seen at all, being hidden behind expressioless stone walls capped with tiles and pierced with the tiniest possible gateways.—Leslie's Weekly.

NEW YORK'S RECORDER.

The City's Most Ancient Official Next to the Mayor.

Next to the mayor the recorder is the most ancient public official in the city. His office dates back to the Dongun charter, given with the authority of King James II. to the city of New York in April, 1686. The governing body of the city were the mayor, the recorder and the aldermen.

From the recorder sprang, in 1821, the old court of common pleas, which later became the supreme court. Originally the mayor and the recorder held all the court in New York, both civil and criminal, the aldermen sitting also to aid in disposing of petty cases. The recorder was a member of the board of aldermen. One of his important duties was to pass on competency for citizenship.

The first recorder was James Graham, appointed by charter. His duties included those of the present recorder and many more. Gradually as the court business increased the recorder ceased to act as an alderman, and in the subdivision of court work the criminal cases, which, as affecting the life and liberty of citizens, were then regarded as of the graver importance, were retained by him, and the civil cases were transferred to newer courts.

Thus the office of the recorder is traditionally the primary safeguard over the principles of the old common law on which New York's modern criminal jurisprudence is founded.—New York Tribune.

The Salamander.

In Andrews' "Anecdotes Ancient and Modern" (1789) one reads, "Should a glass house fire be kept up without extinction for a longer term than seven years there is no doubt but that a salamander would be generated in the cinders." This probably accounts for the popular idea that a salamander lives in the fire, a fallacy so far removed from the truth that the curious lizard-like beast so called cannot endure even the heat of the sun, but skulks away under stones to avoid it. It will never lose its reputation for fire eating, though, which lingers still in the heating utensil that is named after it.

An Old Irish Tune.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is an Irish tune, known to have been in existence in 1770. The author of the words is unknown, though claims have been made for several Irish and English poets. For over 100 years it has been the parting tune of the British army and navy and is played whenever a regiment is leaving a town where it has been stationed or a man-of-war is weighing anchor to sail from a port.

Study Yourself.

In order to judge of the inside of others study your own, for men in general are very much alike, and though one has one prevailing passion and another has another yet their operations are much the same, and whatever engages or disgusts, pleases or offends you in others will engage, disgust, please or offend others in you.—Ches-terfield.

A Disputed Question.

On one occasion a Scotch minister knocked at the door of a house where a husband and wife were quarreling. When admitted he inquired, "Who's the head of this house?" The man quietly replied: "Slt yersel' doon, mon; sit yersel' doon. We're just trying to settle that the noo."

Habit.

Boss—See here, every time you see a 6 you call it a 2. What's the matter with you—near-sighted? Stenographer—No, sir; it's a matter of habit. I used to clerks in a ladies' shoe store.—Cleveland Leader.

Two Views of It.

Parson—Yo take this woman for better or for worse? Bridegroom—Well, I can't exactly say. Her people think it's for better, but mine think it's for worse.—Life.

Been Drinking.

A sporty fellow named Phipps Last night went to view the eclipse. The moon looked so queer He set up a cheer—

The truth was he'd been taking nips.—Denver Post.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Signture

Cast H. Fletcher

ODD WATER WHEELS.

Some Float on Streams—Huge Ones Make a River Lift Itself.

The people of Syria and Tiflis make their streams do things that Americans do not seem to have learned the secret of persuading the water courses of this country to perform.

At Tiflis the natives have learned how to utilize the power of the current of the river Kur without building dams. What they have accomplished possibly might be done by an American farmer living on the banks of a rapidly moving stream and desiring a small, cheap power. The Caucasians build floats on the surface of the river. Into them are set water wheels. The whole affair is fastened to the bank in such a way that it will rise and fall with any change in the level of the surface of the river, so that the power is about constant all the time.

In Hama, the ancient "entering in of Hamath," the Syrians have accomplished a feat that makes one think of lifting oneself over a fence by tugging at one's bootstraps. They have harnessed the historic Orontes, or Nahr el Asl, as the Syrians call it, into the work of lifting itself many feet toward the zenith.

Life in Hama for some people is like the life of others for olives, an acquired taste, because of these very water wheels.

According as one feels about it, it is a musical city or one filled with nerve racking groans. Day and night without ceasing these massive, slow revolving structures utter speech. For those who have acquired a taste for their companionship the never ceasing tones are soothing, resembling the ocean roar or a slow fugue played on some cyclopean organ. The diapason tones are deeper and louder than the deepest organ stop. Now they are in unison, now repeating the theme, one after another, now for a brief moment in a sublime harmony never to be forgotten, according to one traveler, then once more together in a tremendous chorus. The sounds are described as a slow movement up the scale, followed with a heavy drop to the keynote as: Do mi sol, do do do; do sol la, do do do. This unceasing Sisyphean music, it is said, has been going on for a century at least.—New York Tribune.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

How hard a man falls after having been boosted too high!

When a man gets the baby to sleep, how proud he is of himself!

There is usually enough humiliation in all our lives to keep us modest.

It is not the stingy man who becomes a burden as age approaches; it is the spendthrift.

A pathetic admission older people often make is, "The romance has all been knocked out of me."

What has become of the old fashioned woman who called her friends "cousins" when they bought something like hers?

When a man is reasonably happy and content, it doesn't just happen. He is compelled to use common sense and work to an end.—Atchison Globe.

Estimating a Horse's Height.

The Arabs have two methods of estimating the height to which a colt will grow, the first being to stretch a cord from the nostril over the ears and down along the neck and compare this measurement with that from the withers to the feet, and the other method being to compare the distance between the knee and the withers with that from the knee to the coronet. In the first method it is considered that a colt will grow as much taller as the first measurement exceeds that of the second, and in the second method, if the proportion is as two to one, the horse will grow no taller.

Birds That Carry Their Young.

The woodcock, it is said, has been known to carry away her young when threatened with danger. She places them on her spread feet, pressing them between the toes and the breast. A naturalist says many woodcocks also carry their young down to marshy feeding grounds in the evening, returning before dawn. In fact, they have no means of feeding their young except by carrying them to their food, for they cannot convey their food to them.

Not a Bombardment.

Kissam—Has her papa ever fired you?

Higgins—He has never resorted to bombardment. His tactics are more in the nature of a passive blockade.

"How is that?"

"When I call to see his daughter he remains in the parlor during the whole of the interview."

Also When Is a Sea Dog?

"Maw!"

"What is it, Johnny?"

"Do the ocean greyhounds ever bite the ocean tramps?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is very easy to get angry with somebody for doing what it would be very unreasonable for anybody to get angry over if you do it.

A Baron's Crown.

A baron's crown is a velvet cap with ermine border, but the coronet differs from that of the viscount in having eight pearls on the upper rim instead of fourteen, the latter number being the allowance of the viscount. In France the pearls are usually arranged in sets of three.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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Cast H. Fletcher

THE PECTORAL FINS.

Without Them the Fish Would Stand on Its Head.

The pectoral fins of a fish are the two fins, one on each side, just back of the head. These fins aid the fish to some extent in swimming. They are small ears which the fish feathers very beautifully and are of value chiefly to preserve its equilibrium. It is with these fins that the fish maintains its horizontal position in the water when not swimming. Without them the fish would stand on its head. Sometimes a fish loses one or both of its pectoral fins by disease or by accident. A fish without pectoral fins is in a bad way.

While most fish keep a horizontal position in the water when not swimming, there are fishes that do not. One of these fishes is the filefish, which motionless suspends itself in the water; head downward, at an angle of forty-five degrees or even nearer the perpendicular. A filefish kept in an aquarium which had lost both its pectoral fins inclined over backward past the perpendicular when motionless to about the same angle that it would have kept in the other direction if its pectoral fins had been intact, so that when not in motion it seemed to be lying at an angle on its back.

In the large aquarium there was a striped bass weighing about a pound and a half, one of whose pectoral fins was attacked at the tip by fungus, which gradually encroached upon it. Finally the diseased portions of the fin were cut off with a pair of sharp shears, the cut being made within the sound part of the fin. At first the fish was like a man in a boat pulling one long oar and one short one—it couldn't hold a course. But it soon accustomed itself to its new condition, and thereafter it got along very comfortably.

SWISS EDUCATION.

A Serious Matter, Guarded Jealously by the State.

One reason why the Swiss fare well is that their public school system is probably the best in the world, and with them public school education is practically compulsory. You can send your child to a private school (in some cantons) if you insist upon so doing, but the face of the government and the force of public opinion are sternly against the practice. In the canton of Solothurn private schools are absolutely forbidden. In other cantons a private school pupil must secure a formal permit from the local authorities, and in some cantons he must pay a charge to the public funds. The idea is that the public schools are good enough for all; that rich and poor are to meet there on even terms; that the public school is the nursery of democracy and patriotism; above all, that democracy is the lifeblood and strength and very soul of the republic, and the republic is Switzerland, and without the republic Switzerland is nothing. Private schools for Swiss children are few in number, and such as exist are under the strict supervision of the state. Education is a serious matter in Switzerland. There is no escape from it. A parent must send his children to school or go himself to jail. They kept a Seventh Day Adventist in jail for two years because he refused to let his child attend school on Saturdays. As it then seemed likely he would spend the rest of his life in a cell he surrendered.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Man Who Sings.

Give us, oh, give us, writes Carlyle, the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is superior to those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while one marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their

Adam and Eve.

I don't blame girls for falling in love, because they're so exciting to do; but I don't see why fellas want to. They've got all kinds of things without making enemies of themselves.

Ted Johnson is an awful swell at cricket, and he plays foosball for the county so he hadn't any excuse for bothering about girls; but he went and got engaged to Violet till the same. She's my sister and four years older than I am. (I'm fifteen and in the lower fifth.)

He and Vi had just "fallen in love," as they call it, when I came home for the summer holidays, and they made awful fools of themselves over it. They had just fallen out when I came home for Christmas. The whole of both families made fools of themselves over that.

It was a jolly nuisance, because Minnie Johnson and I were rather chums. I don't think much of other girls, because they're so silly; but Minnie isn't. She isn't quite so good as a boy at doing things, but she's sharper at thinking. It was she who gave me the tip to put wax on the back of Uncle George's chair to fetch his wig off. There was rather a row about that. He was going to cut me out of his will, and the master made a terrible fuss; but Minnie heard about it and came over to our house and told Uncle George that she proposed it. She got round him somehow. (Girls can.) He said she couldn't help it, because she was a daughter of Eve, and I was like Adam, "fondly overcome by female charm." It always puts him in a good temper when he makes a quotation. So it was all right afterward—only they called us Adam and Eve.

A fellow has to stick up for his friends as well as his family. I wasn't going to be down on Minnie just because Ted and Vi had quarreled. I went and whistled behind their back fence the first afternoon I was home, and she came out and stood on the big roller and looked over it (the fence, you know). I said "Hello!" and so did she. Then we stared at one another.

"Well," she said at last, "you've looked at me long enough to know me. What do you think of me?" "Your hair is redder than ever," I told her. "I know a boy who likes red hair," she said. "Who is he?" I asked. "It doesn't matter to you," she said, "because I'm not to speak to you in future, mother says."

"Well," I told her, "you're speaking to me now, anyhow. If you don't want your mother to see, you'd better come this side of the fence."

I tried to catch hold of her and pull her over but she got out of the way.

"It isn't red," she said. "All right," I agreed; "it isn't theu. Come on."

So she jumped down, and we went and had a slice on the pond behind Brooke's barn. Then we went to Mother Green's and had some tea. (The governor had given me a tip.) Some one saw us there and told our mother. There was a row, of course.

The next day we went on the golf links and made slides on the mud. (You can make a ripping slide on mud when it's half frozen.) We thought we were safe from them all there; but we ran right into Ted. He was looking at something and shaking his head. He stuffed it in his pocket when he saw us, and held out his hand to me. "Glad to see you, old chap," he said. "I'er—this is a very unfortunate business." He gave a sort of groan. "Well, I'm glad you two aren't bad friends anyhow."

"We are," Minnie said. "At least I am. He says my hair is red."

"Never mind," he said. "I know a boy who likes red hair."

Then he went off. I asked Minnie again to tell me who the bawler was, but she wouldn't. So I tried to think what I could say to aggravate her.

"Your brother is a silly cake," I said. "I bet that was Vi's photo that he was looking at."

She got in a rage directly, and stamped her foot.

"It wasn't," she contradicted. "He doesn't care a bit for her; and she's a beast."

"She isn't," I said; "and if you say again I won't speak to you."

"She's a beast," she repeated directly. I turned round and walked off, outwards, and she turned round and walked off the other; but somehow we met round the corner. I was going by without taking any notice of her, but she laughed over her shoulder.

"I know a boy who likes red hair," she said.

"He's a beast," I told her.

"Yes," she said; "he is! But if he took me out he'd take me home."

"Come along then," I said.

So we made it up again.

The day after we went to Delham. I had a catapult. We were trying it when who should come along the road but Violet! She was reading a crumpled old letter, and she put it in her muff when she saw us. I knew she wouldn't tell, so I didn't care.

She gave me some chocolate drops, and offered some to Minnie; but the little beggar put her hands behind her.

"No, thank you," she cried.

"It's about her brother," I explained. I knew she must feel pretty bad about it to refuse chocolates. (They were big ones, with sweets on top.)

"Yes," Violet said, and gave a sort of sigh. "You are quite right to take your brother's part, dear; but—well, I'm glad you and Jack are friends, anyhow."

"Goodby," she walked on.

"If you call her a beast again," I said. "I won't speak to you and I mean it."

"You ought to, Minnie agreed, "and I wasn't going to. Jack, that was one of Vi's letters and she'd been crying."

"Hoot!" I said. (She had, though!) "Vi wouldn't cry about him. She could get engaged to a dozen fellows if she wanted to."

"She doesn't want to. She wants to. That's just it."

"Well," I said, "there's no accounting for taste."

"No; I know a boy who likes—red hair."

"Then he can take you out tomorrow."

"All right." She laughed. "But you've taken me out today. So you may as well be agreeable. I'll race you to the sign post."

So we raced. Then we had another practice with the catapult. I hit a car that a milkman was carrying and she hit the man. So we had to race again. You should have seen the chap jump!

Mother and father were out when I got home, so Vi gave me tea. She was very agreeable and talked to me about Minnie. She was a dear little thing, she said, and I mustn't quarrel with her, whatever I did.

"Girls are different from boys, Jack dear," she said. "They say things sometimes and don't mean them, and pretend they don't like people when they do, and make out they like other people when they don't. If Minnie

ever pretends she likes some one else better than you, don't you believe her; and if you ever quarrel make it up again directly. People ought to."

"Uumph!" I grunted. (My mouth was full of muffin, and I hate being preened at.) "Then why don't you make it up with Ted?"

You never know how girls will take things. I'm bashed if she didn't begin to blub, and then ran right out of the room. I couldn't make it out at first, but I saw it before I had finished the muffin. She wanted to be engaged to him again!

I told Minnie about it next morning. (It was Christmas eve.) She said I was right "for once"; and she'd tell me something, too. "Ted wants to be engaged to her again."

"Then why don't they?" I asked. "Nobody wants to stop them that I can see."

"They're both obstinate," she explained. "Like you are."

"I can't be both," I objected.

"No," she agreed; "I meant myself, too. That's how it is with Ted and Violet. If they knew how the other one felt about it, they'd make it up directly; but they don't."

"Let's tell them," I proposed.

"Donkey!" she said. "I know what we will do. You tell Violet that ed wants to speak to her about something very important, and he would be very much obliged if she would meet him in Deleane lane, by the big oak, at three this afternoon. I shall tell him that Violet wants to see him there."

"Uumph!" I said. "I may be stupid, but I've sense enough to know he won't believe that. Violet would cut off her head before she'd ask him. She isn't the sort to run after a fellow."

"No-o-o!" Minnie said; "she wouldn't. I know what she would do, though. I'll tell him that you told me that she always walked to the oak about three, and you believed it was because she thought he might be there."

"Uumph!" I said. "They'll find out in five minutes that we've been stuffing them."

"They'll find out nothing else in five seconds," she said. "They're better at finding out things than you are!"

Ted danced Minnie around the room, and gave her a florin when she told him. Vi went red, and smiled—and kissed me.

"I don't know that I shall go," she said. "It's not right whatever to ask such a thing; and mamma would be dreadfully cross. I really can't—Are you sure it was three? And by the oak?"

"It doesn't matter if you aren't going," I said.

"Don't be mean," she begged. "You've been such a nice, kind boy, Jack; and I'll give you a shilling." Tell me?"

"Three o'clock," I said, "by the oak. Thanks."

Minnie and I hid behind a tree and saw them go into the lane. We waited half an hour before we went down there. He had got his arm round Vi (she pulled it away when she saw us), and they were grubbing like Cheshire cats!

"You flatter me," she laughed. "But I am afraid this one must be our last."

"You are going away?" he asked, looking at her keenly.

"No."

"Then can't we arrange something tomorrow?"

"You're very persistent," she exclaimed.

He smiled in a sickly way.

"I am when I want to be, don't you know. And I've made up my mind about you. Are you going to the Wentworth's dance tomorrow evening?"

"I don't know the Wentworths," she answered.

"Some people object to them," he continued, "say she's peculiar, and all that. I believe her father did make his money in glue or something of the kind, but since she married Wentworth, that has all been whitewashed over. He's a rippin' good chap. Does the thing splendidly with her money."

"Money seems to be your chief thought," she said. "I suppose you wouldn't be seen with my one if they were badly dressed, even though they might be above your rank?"

"Well, it would make a fellow look so small in the eyes of his friends. Nowadays we judge so much by appearances, don't we?"

"And the opinion of the world is a matter of such high importance, isn't it?"

He did not detect the sarcasm in her tone. He was not endowed with too much wit.

"I am not really like that, though," he hastened to assure her. "Once I like a person, I'd stick to them through thick and thin."

"I'll remember that," she repeated, significantly. "One doesn't meet that sort of friend every day. But this must be our last round, for people are beginning to leave!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The band was playing one of Strauss' values. Percy Preston felt almost romantic.

"Where are you going tomorrow?" he asked eagerly. She hesitated a moment, then gave a little laugh.

"Shopping," she said.

"So am I." She looked startled.

"With my sister," he added hurriedly. "I often do." They both laughed.

"Where shall it be then?" he inquired again, as they stopped skating.

"I really must go now," she cried.

"Well, if you insist, Gayford's at twelve. Goodby."

"Goodby," he replied. "Don't forget."

And they parted.

It was some minutes past twelve the next morning when Percy Preston and his sister entered Gayford's, Bond street; he looked eagerly round. Hats of every description greeted him on all sides, but he saw no signs of the particular person for whom he was seeking. She had distinctly said twelve o'clock, and it was now only a few minutes past. Surely she could not have come and gone again so soon. That would be too annoying. He had looked forward to seeing her so much, too, that it would be a morning sadly wasted if she did not come.

He watched the door eagerly each time it was opened to admit some new customer, but still she did not appear. Would she break her promise? At last, in despair, he turned impatiently to his sister, who was busy trying on a large black hat.

"It suits madam beautifully, does it not?" exclaimed a voice at his side.

He started violently. He would know that voice anywhere. But surely—no, it was impossible. Sure enough, he was right. The tall, black-robed figure who was now trying on the hat herself in order to show it off to its best advantage. For one instant they gazed at each other, he with horror, she with calm amusement. Then, without a moment's hesitation, he looked quickly away again, and made a bolt for the door.

"Good heavens!" he muttered. "What an escape! Thank goodness no one saw. I could never have looked society in the face again. To think that she was a—By Jove! I've never been so taken in before!"

"You said some time ago you were going to retire from politics."

"Yes," answered the man with a good job; "but the statement attracted no little attention. I concluded I could stay where I was without being noticed!"—Washington Star.

Nell—That horrid Mr. Hanscom insisted upon kissing me last night.

Belle—Why didn't you scream?

Nell—I didn't want to scare the poor fellow.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Percy's Impudence.

"That was a near thing. I only just escaped!" Percy Preston exclaimed, as he and his partner swerved quickly to the right just in time to avoid a collision.

It was the last Sunday at Prince's, and the skating rink was crowded with eager skaters, who flew along the ice to the exhilarating strains of the Blue Hungarian band. The bell had just rung in order to clear the rink of all except the waltzers, and the skates interlaced pleasantly with the soft hum of voices.

"Who's that girl?" asked a man who was watching this particular couple with keen interest. "Nobody seems to know much about her."

Chetwynd Hartop brought her, I think; he's not generally over particular, but she must be somebody, or Preston wouldn't be seen with her every Sunday like this!" replied his companion. "He's not caught napping. By Jove! she is handsome, though. Look, they are coming round!"

The couple flew past like a flash of lightning, and were lost among the crowd again.

"It's the last Sunday!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it has been rippin' meeting you like this. I never thought we should become such pals, you know!" Percy Preston answered, letting his eyeglasses drop from his eye. "I say, I'd like to see more of you. How is it with the same houses?"

"I don't know the same people as you do," she replied, "and I'm always so much engag'd."

"I get so beauti'ly bored with them all," he continued; "you seem different, somehow."

"I suppose you don't associate with many people outside your own set?" she asked.

"No, one never knows what dreadful people may claim one's acquaintance, if one isn't rather particular. Shall we reverse?"

"I think it's better to take people for what they are and not who they are," she exclaimed, and he did not see the sneer on her face. He was too busy steering them safely along.

"That's all very well in theory, but it doesn't work," he answered. "Society won't stand that sort of thing."

The waltzing stopped, and the rink was again crowded with the usual skaters.

"Are you tired, or shall we go on?" he asked.

"It's our last day," she murmured. "Let's go on."

He took her hands in his and together they started off once more.

"It shan't be the last time we meet," he thought to himself, "if I can help it. I say," he exclaimed aloud, "you know these Sundays have been my relief from social boredom."

"You flatter me," she laughed. "But I am afraid this one must be our last."

"You are going away?" he asked, looking at her keenly.

"No."

"Then can't we arrange something tomorrow?"

"You're

HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL.**Notes and Queries.**

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:
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MISS E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Room,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1906.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

HIS

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

Col. Edward Thomas and wife Mary (Terrill), parents of these children lie buried in grave yard of St. John's Church (Episcopal), Elizabeth, N. J. Their gravestone says: "Sacred to memory of Edward Thomas Esq., who died February 27th, 1785, in the 59th yr. of his age; Also of Mary Thomas his wife who died February 27th, 1824, aged 80 years; also of Edmund Thomas, their son who died October 15th 1816 aged 50 yrs.; also of Phoebe Russaste their daughter who died April 2d, 1817 aged 33 years; also of Sarah Thomas their daughter. (All on one stone.)

Two stones from this one, stand another, to memory of their son-in-law, which says: "Sacred to Friendship. This stone is erected to the memory of Capt. John Russaste, who died July 16th, 1806 in the 55th year of his age, as a testimony of respect by an unknown friend.

Life and the grave two different lessons give Life teaches how to die. Death how to live."

The first Ephraim Terrill married Phoebe Winters, daughter of Dr. William Winters, surgeon of the regiment commanded by Col. Edward Thomas in the Revolution.

Dr. William Winters married a daughter of Dr. William Robinson, a large land owner near Rahway; in deeds he is called "Esquire".

Col. Edward Thomas owned a ferry in New York, was a member of "Committee of Observations", and one of the commanders of the attack and capture of "Blue Mountain Valley", saw active service with "Heard's Flying Battalion" on Long Island, was captured at his home on Elizabeth ave., Elizabeth N. J. and carried prisoner to Staten Island. His death was caused, in part, by privations he endured as prisoner of war, say, "History of Union County, New Jersey".

Mary Lawrence, b. 8; 20mo; 1718.

Elizabeth Lawrence, b. 15; 2mo; 1719.

Joseph Lawrence, b. 10; 9mo; 1721.

Caleb Lawrence, b. 10; 12mo; 1723;

md. 7; 8mo; 1754, at Flushing, Sarah

(Burling, dau. of James and Elizabeth

Burling) and their son Caleb Lee.

Cozens was b. Feb. 28, 1779, d.

Feb. 2, 1854.

Michael Spink was born, Feb. 15,

1770, d. Sept. 23, 1841.

I would like to hear from Spink descendants. I am descended from Robert (1) 1615-1695, Ishmael (2) 1680-

1759, Shuban (3) 1724—? Shuban Jr.

1757-1841, Cyrus (5) 1793-1859, Re-

becca Beall Spink, (6) 1822-1906. The

Spink descendants are very numerous,

many of whom are in R. I. I have the

Spink Coat of Arms, and considerable

data. My object is to eventually put in

book form all I am able to gather,

but I find them very slow to respond.

Hope that this may bring forth some

data, either through your Query Dept.

or by mail.—O.

6018. LINDSAY. PECKHAM—John

Peckham published to Catherine Lind-

say. Wanted, parage of John and

Catherine and their children.—C. L.

6019. PECKHAM—Thomas Hazard

in his Foreman's Diary says, "Feb. 8,

1794, Old Timothy Peckham's wife died."

What was her maiden name?

Would like authority for same. I can

guess, but want the official quotation.

—B. J. P.

ANSWERS.

5986. PECKHAM—Robert Peckham

who md. Temperance Plumb, b. 1765,

dau. of Samuel Plumb and wife Grace

Babcock of Stonington, Conn., evidently

resided in Groton, now No. Stonington, Conn. He is mentioned in Justice

Joshua Babcock's diary on three different periods. I have three children, but

there were probably more. Who his

parents were, I know not, possibly

John (4) Benjamin (3), John (2), John

(1) or Abel (4) Daniel (3), Thomas (2),

John (1).

There was a Robert (6) Peckham of

Petersham, Mass., grandson of John (4)

Philip (3), Thomas (2), John (1), published to Mary Irish.

Benjamin Peckham of Sarah, mar-

ried Mary Arnett in 1760, daughter of

James and Jenkins (Pierson) Arnett,

Mary b. 1744 and died Dec. 3, 1822 as

Mrs. Ballard, as she married (2) Nov.

1778 Capt. Jeremiah Ballard; by Crane

she had two sons, Isaac Crane b. July

20, 1783, who married Nov. 15, 1791

Abigail Price; and Caleb Crane, b.

1771 who died 1778; Their father Caleb

Crane Jr. was b. 1739; His brother Nehemiah Crane, b. 1743 married Esther

(Woodruff, dau. of Cooper Woodruff),

he died Apr. 14, 1777, and his widow Esther md. (2) Nov. 11, 1789 John

Potter.

Esther's Crane children were: Job

Crane, Charly Crane, who md. Stephen Meeker; Esther Crane, who md.

Noah Sayre; and by her second hus-

band, John Potter. Esther had no

children; Jacob Crane (brother of Ne-

hemiah and Caleb) b. 1748; md. Phoebe

(Woodruff, daughter of Cooper Woodruff); she b. 1748; she d. July 26, 1806.

In 1777, the father Jacob Crane was

running the saw mill left him by

his father; Jacob buried in Presby-

Ch. Yd. Elizabeth, N. J. has a grave-

stone saying, "In memory of Jacob

Crane who died June 11, 1817, in the

69th year of his age" his wife Phoebe

buried next Jacob has stone saying,

"departed this life July 23, 1806 in 68th

year of her age."

Other children of Caleb (Nathaniel,

Stephen); were: Elizabeth, first born;

Mary, b. Mch. 14, 1753; Joannah, sec-

ond wife of Waters Burrows, who died

as his widow, according to her grave-

stone, Mch. 30, 1838 in the 78th year of

her age; children of second wife Elizabet-

(Townley) Crane were: Abigail, b.

1761 md. (1) Amos Clark; md. (2)

Robert Clark, as Amos Mch. 31, 1791

in his 35th yr. says his gravestone

with inscription.

"Dear partner of my life

And children who I love;"

Remember dying strife,
Which you have got to prove."
His wife Abigail died Mch. 28, 1827
in the 67th year of her age. (gravestone).
(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

6010. RYAN—Would like parentage
of Fauny Ryan, who married above
John Brown. She was born May 21,
1784, died Aug. 28, 1861.—H. H.

6011. BARBER—Who was the wife
of Henry Barber, of Newport, R. I.,
who d. Sept. 11, 1800, aged 52. She died
June 25, 1842, ag. 78.—H. B.

6012. DAVENPORT—Who were the
ancestors of Mary Davenport, who married
William Barber, of Newport, R. I.,
son of above Henry? They were married
April 15, 1811.—H. B.

6013. WILSON—Who were the
ancestors of Joseph Wilson, of Newport, R. I.,
who died Mar. 28, 1754, aged 72? Who
was his wife? Was she Sarah—, who
died Nov. 24, 1761, ag. 81? Did they
have children? If so, was one of them
Joseph Wilson Jr., who married Aug.
30, 1747, Martha Tillingsworth, of Jon-
athan and Sarah? Joseph Wilson, Jr.,
was in Newport, R. I., in 1753, and
soon after went to Nova Scotia.—S. W.

6014. TILLINGHAST—Who was Sa-
rah, wife of above Jonathan Tilling-
hast? She was born Sept. 18, 1698 died
Dec. 6, 1774.—S. W.

6015. BAKER—Who were the par-
ents of John Baker who married, June
3, 1753, Hannah Mason? They lived in
Rhode Island, but just where, I do
not know. They had sons John and
Reuben. John married Abigail Lee.
Would like her parentage.—E. W.

6016. BLY, SWEET, HINES—Can
any one give me information concerning
Almeria Bly, who evidently married
into the Himes or Sweet family,
and lived in Berlin, N. Y.? Capt. Will-
iam Hines, of Newport, R. I., had two
sisters, one of whom married Himes,
and the other a Sweet. The children
of these two sisters are mentioned without
names in the will of Capt. Hines,
1831. Would be glad to learn something
concerning their descendants.—C. S.

6017. SPINK—I want the ancestry
of Eldred who was a Capt. in Rev.
War. (Eldredge) Spink, who md.,
May 14, 1784, Judith Andrews, by
Thomas Shippey Justice. His son
Michael Spink, md. Patry (Mary) Coz-
zeus, by H. Cooke Justice, Sept. 22,
1788, at Greenwich, R. I.

6018. LINDSAY. PECKHAM—John

Lindsay published to Catherine Lind-

say. Wanted, parage of John and

Catherine and their children.—C. L.

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